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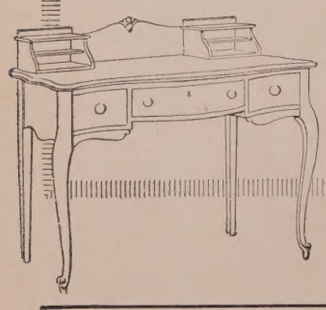

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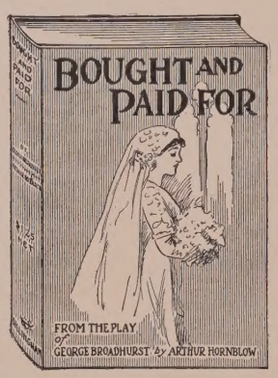

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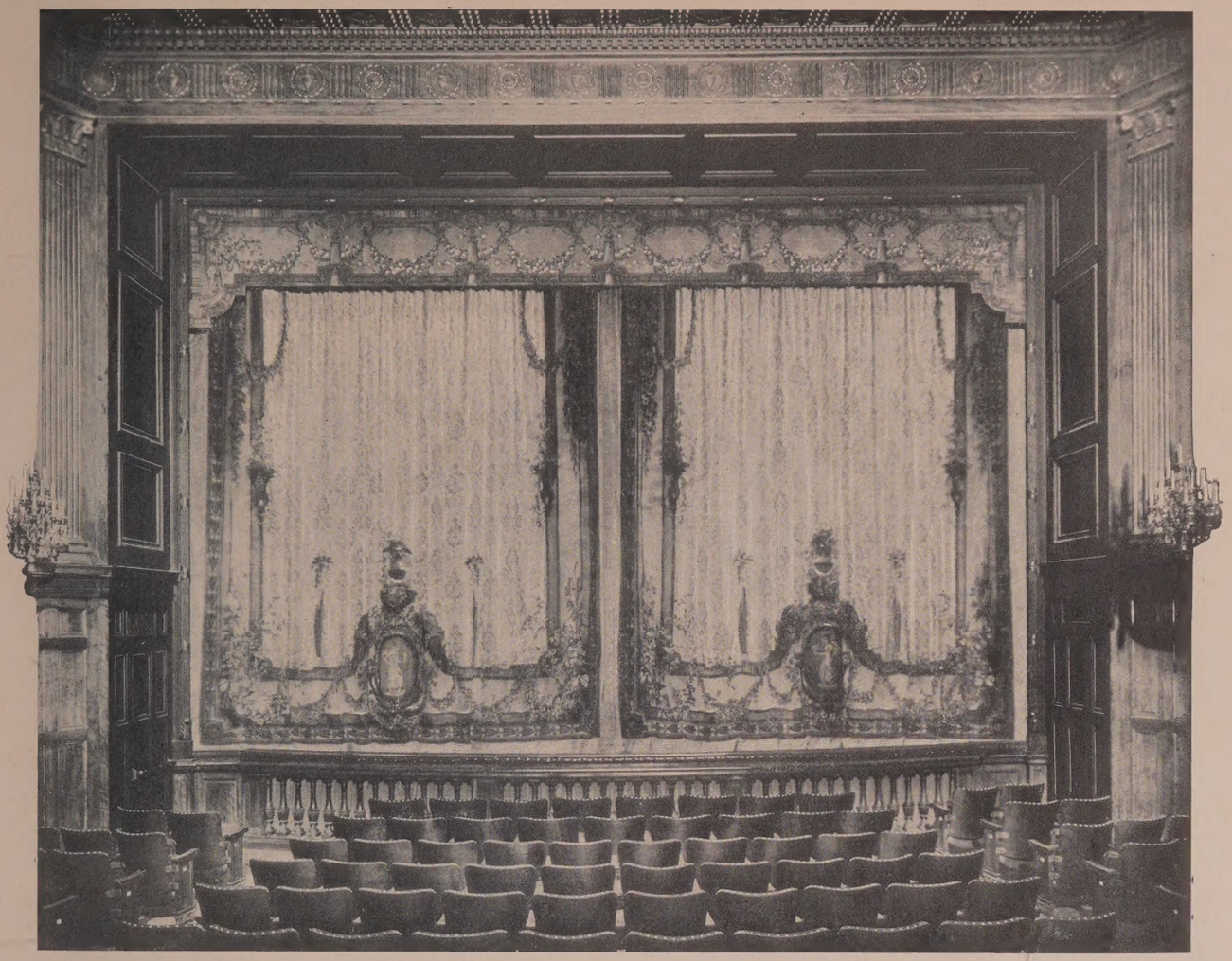

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LONDON: On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green St., Leicester Sq.

BOSTON CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

PARIS: 99 Rue des Petits Champs

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, Telephone, 6486 Murray Hill **8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City**

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XV APRIL, 1912 NO. 134

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City

White

FRITZ STURMFELS AND BLANCHE DUFFIELD IN "BARON TRENCK," AT THE CASINO

Photo White

Guinevere (Pamela Gaythorne) — Christopher Wellwyn (Russ Whytal) — Timson (Sidney Valentine)

Act II. Christopher Wellwyn utilizes the flower girl as a model.

SCENE IN JOHN GALSWORTHY'S PLAY, "THE PIGEON," AS PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "The Pigeon." A fantastic comedy in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced on March 12 last with the following cast:

Christopher Wellwyn.....Russ Whytal	Edward Bertley.....Walter Howe
Ann .....Louise Seymour	Alfred Calway.....Thomas Louden
Guinevere Megan.....Pamela Gaythorne	Sir Thomas Hoxton.....Arthur Barry
Rory Megan.....A. M. Botsford	A Police Constable.....Wilfrid North
Ferrand .....Frank Reicher	A Humble Man.....Reginald Barlow
Timson .....Sidney Valentine	Another Humble Man....Albert Easdale

The Little Theatre, at 240 West 44th Street, which opened its doors most auspiciously under the able direction of Winthrop Ames, on March 12th last, is New York's latest playhouse *de luxe*—the last word in all that is artistic, elegant and up-to-date in modern theatre building. The New Theatre, of regretted memory, suffered from the sheer weight of its opulent magnificence. The Little Theatre, while it caters to the same cultured public, starts on its career with no such handicap. The tiny auditorium, chastely decorated and accommodating only 299 persons, with no balcony or boxes, gives the effect of a private *salon* to which the lucky playgoer has had the honor to be invited, rather than a public place of amusement to which he has paid the price of admission. From the red-bricked, green-shuttered colonial exterior to the graceful electric candelabra bunched on either side of the Gobelins tapestried walls, the place is a veritable gem of exquisite taste, daintiness and simplicity. The ceiling of the auditorium, very lofty, is in white, bordered with old ivory. The curtains are of blue and silver brocade with tapestry borders, and the drop curtain is of gobelin blue. The carpet is mouse gray and the seats, far more comfortable than in most of our metropolitan theatres, are upholstered in a rich brown leather. Downstairs in the Lounge, to which, between the acts, the audience is encouraged to repair and discuss the play, coffee, tea and pastries are provided *gratis* by a liberal management.

The opening bill was "The Pigeon," a new play by Mr. John Galsworthy, one of the most distinguished of the English-speaking writers of our day. An ardent Socialist, or at least an enthusiastic advocate of every measure tending to improve the condition of the unfortunate, Mr. Galsworthy regards his business as a dramatist seriously. He is not content to merely amuse his audiences. His plays, while they entertain, usually contain a message, a message which, at least in one instance, bore good fruit. This was his drama, "Justice," which created such a stir in England that a Parliamentary inquiry into conditions in English prisons followed, and many abuses were abolished. This author is all the more convincing in that he is never preachy. He never bores his listener. He presents only the facts, dispassionately yet mercilessly, and in a masterly way that compels attention. He creates real human types and presents pictures of life as he sees them through the spectacles of a philosopher; pictures often whimsical, but none the less poignant and tragic.

"The Pigeon" of the title is Christopher Wellwyn, a good-natured artist, who, without the slightest pose, tries, as he goes through life, to do what good he can. He empties his pockets on all the beggars that chance along, and when he has no more coppers left, he gives the tramps his visiting card and tells them to call and see him. His daughter, a matter-of-fact young person, thinks it is all perfectly ridiculous, but protests in vain. It is Christmas eve, a snowstorm is howling outside, and the daughter, after an angry argument, goes off to bed. The artist is about to follow, when there comes a knock at the door. Mr. Wellwyn opens and sees on the doorstep a ragged, forlorn flower girl, who seeks shelter for the night. The artist is embarrassed, yet cannot turn her out in such a night, so he shows her a corner where she can sleep, and gives her a rug. He says good night, and is about to retire, when there comes another knock. Another social outcast appears, half frozen and faint from starvation. This time it is Ferrand, a French philosopher of the gutter, who admits that he can never be anything but a rolling stone. He also is accommodated, and then comes along Timson, a drunken old cabby, who hates "furriners." To all these waifs of life Wellwyn acts the rôle of the good Samaritan. He feeds them, and clothes them, and shelters them. He tries to save the girl from a life of vice; he does everything possible to redeem the cabby from drink, and to make a man out of the French vagabond. But all is in vain. He cannot do anything with them. The cabby gets drunk again, and the flower girl runs away with the Frenchman, and finally attempts suicide. The philosophy of the play seems to be

that it is folly for society to make any set rules for conduct, that there will always be certain individuals who are unable to control themselves, that the smug Pharisee has not the right to criticize conditions which he himself cannot understand, and that the best philanthropy and real charity consists not in criticizing, but in helping all you can without asking awkward questions.

The play is beautifully acted in every part. Perhaps the most notable performance is that of Mr. Frank Reicher, who plays the French vagabond. It is a splendidly rounded out portrayal of the reckless, yet unhappy, wastrel who, by reason of his temperament, drifts along on life's current powerless to stem the tide. Mr. Sidney Valentine gives a masterly impersonation of the drunken cabby. No more affective bit of character acting has been seen on the local stage for a long time. Mr. Russ Whytal as Christopher Wellwyn is sympathetic and lovable. Miss Pamela Gaythorne was excellent as the flower girl, giving throughout a consistent performance true to life and artistic in every little detail. Mr. Wilfrid North deserves more than mere mention for a capital and lifelike impersonation of the typical London constable.

The small dimensions of the theatre, and the nearness of the stage, bring the actors so close to the spectators that a delightful intimacy is established, and not a line of the dialogue is lost. If Mr. Ames' future productions keep up to the high standard of this opening performance, the Little Theatre is likely to be a permanent feature of New York theatrical life, and a potent factor in the development of the American drama.

HUDSON THEATRE. "THE LADY OF DREAMS." Play in four acts by Edmond Rostand. Produced on February 28 last, with the following cast:

Melissinda, Mme. Simone; Sorismonda, Margaret Wycherly; Bertram of Allamanon, Julian L'Estrange; Geoffrey Rudel, A. E. Anson; Brother Trophimus, George Farren; Erasmus, Charles Francis; Squarcia-fico, Geoffrey Stein; The Knight, Gordon Burby; The Master of the Ship, Charles E. Bunnell; The Pilot, F. L. Davis; First Pilgrim, Johnstone May; Second Pilgrim, Herbert Grigsby; Niccoloso, Joseph Valtin; A Sailor, Horace Weeks.

Photo by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

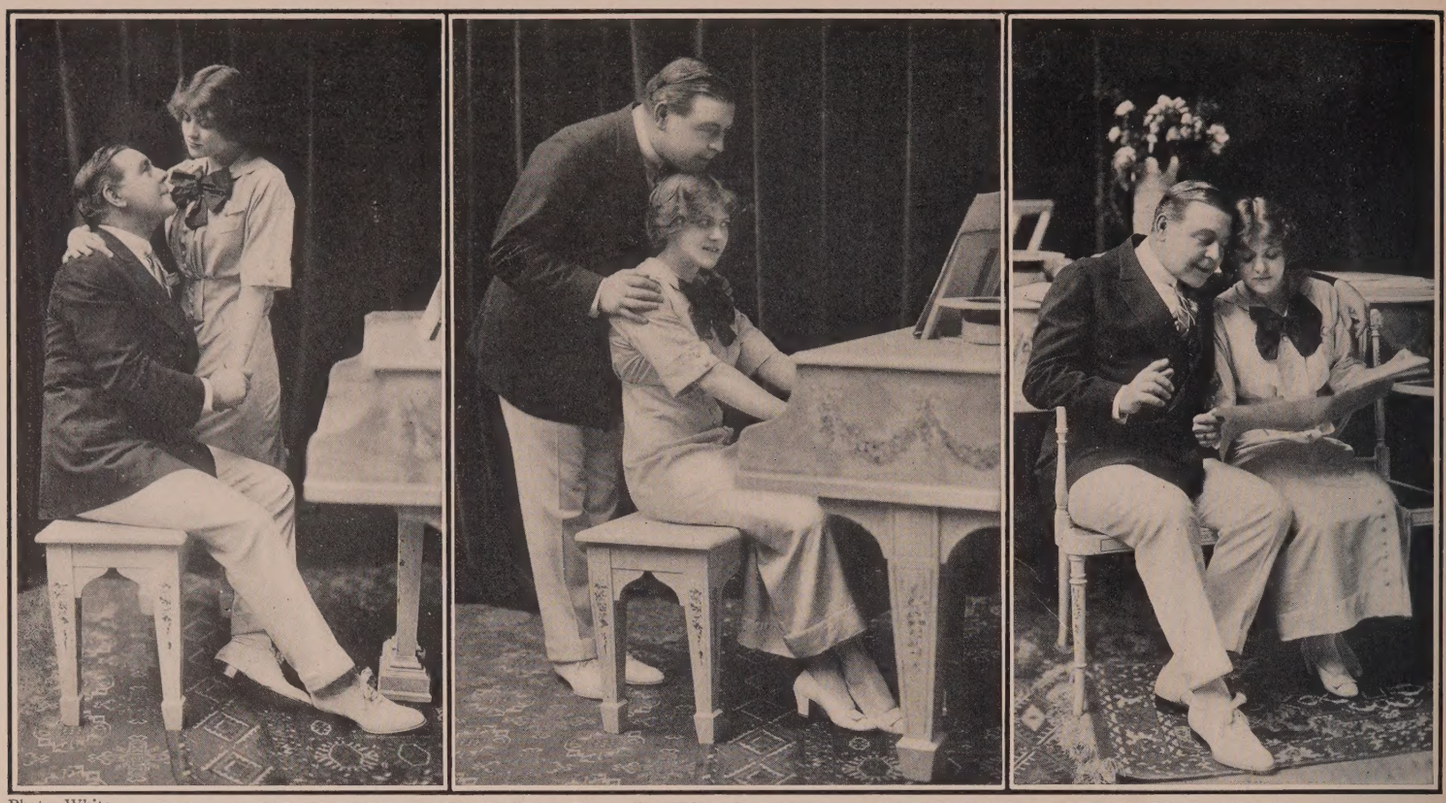
LYDIA LOPOUKOWA, THE RUSSIAN "SOLO DANCER"

La Lopoukowa is one of the highly trained dancers of the Imperial Russian Ballet who have come to delight us this season. In her special field Lopoukowa is a successful rival of Pavlova, Geltzer and other celebrated Terpsichorean artists. As a critic puts it: "She is a winged fairy, dainty as a white violet, light as thistledown, the very embodiment of the joyous spirit of youth." She entered the Imperial Ballet at the age of eight and graduated at seventeen with the rank of "solo dancer." Her parents are of the Russian middle class, her father being a government employé. Her first appearance was in Schumann's "Carnival," in which she created a furore all over Europe. She was engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, but was prevented appearing there. Later she was seen at the Winter Garden. She loves America and wishes to make it her future home. Her impresario, Mr. Joseph Mandel-Kern, is now negotiating with a firm of prominent American managers with a view of having her appear here next season in an American play written especially for her

In stage chronology "La Princesse Lointaine" comes between "Les Romanesques" and "Cyrano," and those competent to judge fix its literary status at the same place. Charles Renauld, Professor of French at the College of the City of New York, describes it as "an animated picture of an undaunted pursuit of the ideal," but in spite of its imagination and high-strung verse, is fearful that these qualities so appreciated by the French may lack a corresponding response on the part of the English.

Flamed by reports of the beauty and goodness of Melissinda, Princess of the Orient, to whom he has indited verses, the dying Geoffrey Rudel, Prince of Blaye, sails in quest of her, accompanied by Bertram of Allamanon, his friend and fellow troubadour. Opposed by pirates and the elements, they finally reach the shores of Tripoli, the spirits of the sailors meanwhile sustained by descriptions of the beautiful lady of dreams. Bertram goes ashore to bring Melissinda to Geoffrey, and has to fight his way to her presence. Mistaking the messenger for the author of her adulation, the Princess falls in love with Bertram, and like their prototypes, Tristan and Isolde, struggle fiercely with their respective consciences. But duty and the spirit prevail, and they go to the caravel, where the Princess, in appreciation of his marvelous faith and devotion solaces Geoffrey's dying moments with the assurance that she will immure herself in a convent, while Bertram, to mortify his flesh, will make a holy pilgrimage.

It is a very rich, sumptuous and handsome setting which has been provided for Louis Napoleon Parker's adaptation of the Rostand verse. The stage management is capable and effective, and every aid utilized to give imaginative warmth to this glowing picture of idealistic faith. It cannot be said in perfect truth, how-



Photos White HENRY MILLER AND RUTH CHATTERTON IN A. E. THOMAS' COMEDY, "THE RAINBOW," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

Miss Chatterton, a singularly sympathetic young actress, made a great hit as Cynthia, the charming little daughter who, after a number of pathetic and delightfully acted scenes, brings about a reconciliation between her father and her mother

ever, that Mr. Parker's help has been as valuable. His verse is serviceable, but too frequently colloquial. It lacks the fineness of the original, but its vigor is healthy and its flow rhythmical.

It was an uneven interpretation which Mme. Simone gave of the far-away Princess. If wanting in the sweet and innate dignity which the rôle calls for in the opening scenes, there was true poetical beauty and spiritual exaltation to the pathetic meeting and farewell with the dying Geoffrey. That elusive part was skilfully cared for by A. E. Anson, who read with elocutionary distinction and feeling, while the errant but repentant Bertram was played with manly fervor and intelligent earnestness by Julian L'Estrange. Margaret Wycherly's spirited and gracious rendering of Sorismonda lent weight and balance to a production of admirable purpose and genuine accomplishment. The others in the cast were competent.

EMPIRE. "LADY PATRICIA." Comedy in three acts by Rudolph Besier. Produced on February 26 last with the following cast:

Dean Lesley, Henry Stephenson; Michael Cosway, Leslie Faber; Bill O'Farrell, Shelley Hull; Baldwin, Ernest Stallard; Ellis, Lewis Howard; John, Cyril Young; Robert, Frederick Roland; Lady Patricia Cosway, Mrs. Fiske; Mrs. O'Farrell, Emily Fitzroy; Clare Lesley, Maud Gilbert.

Rudolph Besier, in his plays, resolutely seeks the unconventional and the new. While wholly unconventional in "Lady Patricia," he is frankly artificial and, with the impossible characters and happenings, he is mechanical as well. It is only by accepting it as fantastic satire that one may enjoy it. The fantastic does not sustain itself consistently and unremittingly throughout, but its first act entertains, and its last act is deliciously droll in that the topsy-turvy complications are resolved on a basis of common sense, everybody being brought back to their natural relations. Lady Patricia holds out to the last, but saves herself by a neat bit of pretense that has in it such sincerity that the farce, the artificiality, the satire and the fantastic are converted into real comedy.

The occasion for the play in any present conditions of life anywhere is not obvious. Up to the last act the play is as much up in the air as anything of the most extravagant kind in dramatic literature. Molière's ridicule of the affected misses of his day was directed at real conditions and counted. What was real satire in his day is just as enjoyable now when regarded as impossible and fantastic. Besier's play cannot be seriously regarded as having the purpose of reducing platonic love to an absurdity. In no community at this day are any people playing the game of platonic love. The world knows that platonic love between the sexes, in the terms of love, is impossible, and no one looks upon affairs of the kind as harmless. No husband and no wife is blinded to the dangers of it, and no one accepts it as a theory with the facts before his eyes. The consequence is that only the foolery of it in a play can be enjoyed. To give it any semblance of reasonableness everything has to be extraordinary. Lady Patricia must be a person of wealth in order to indulge in such an uncommon pastime as carrying on an affair with a boy years younger than herself, and trying to convince herself that she still loves her husband and is dutiful towards him. The scenic arrangements throughout must be extraordinary. A platform and a small house have been erected in the branches of a tree, and we there see this new Lady of Dreams, gowned in the fashion appropriate to dreams, in cloth of the finest texture and of the most beautiful tints, indolently reclining and reading passages from her favorite poets. Surely a sense of utter irresponsibility to the ordinary concerns of

(Continued on page xi)

Act. II. Tokeramo strangles the woman he loves rather than betray his country

WALKER WHITESIDE AND FLORENCE REED IN "THE TYPHOON"

The $10,000 Prize Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House

From left to right, Riccardo Martin, Louise Homer, Rita Fornia, Albert Reiss

Horatio W. Parker, Composer

Brian Hooker, Librettist

AT the Metropolitan Opera House on March 14 last was given the first performance of the prize opera, "Mona," music by Horatio W. Parker, libretto by Brian Hooker. The scene of the opera is laid in England during the Roman invasion. Gwynn, son of the Roman governor and a British captive is in love with the British princess Mona. She loves him and yet hates him because he is a Roman. The tragedy ends with the death of Gwynn at Mona's hands and her subsequent remorse. The opera will be reviewed critically in the next issue of this magazine.

The genesis of this competition for an American opera is interesting. Somewhat over two years ago, as the result of a suggestion to the Board of Directors by the General Manager, Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York announced a competition for a prize of $10,000 for the best Grand Opera, to be written in English, and composed by an American. The competition was to be closed September 15, 1910. The operas submitted were to be passed upon by a jury of musicians appointed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, and the successful opera was to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House. Twenty-four operas were submitted. The jury selected to decide the competition was composed of Mr. Alfred Hertz, conductor of the Metropolitan; Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra; Mr. George W. Chadwick of Boston, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music and Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was the work of several months to examine and consider the twenty-four scores. Two of them were at one time lost while being sent by express from one of the judges to another, but were soon recovered. Finally, on the 2d of May, 1911, the jury decided unanimously in favor of an opera entitled, "Mona." The envelope corresponding to the winning opera was opened, and it proved to be the work of Professor Horatio Parker (composer), of New Haven, Conn., and Mr. Brian Hooker (author), of Farmington, Conn. To them the prize was accordingly awarded.

Louise Homer, as Mona

Riccardo Martin Putnam Griswold

Herbert Witherspoon Louise Homer William Hinshaw

Photos White

Photos by Matzene, Chicago SCENE AND CHARACTERS IN "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA"
Mme. Berat and Signor Bassi as Mother and Son. In right upper corner, Carolina White as Maliella. In lower right hand corner, Signor Sammarco as leader of the Camorra

SIGNOR WOLF-FERRARI
Composer of "The Jewels of the Madonna"

THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA

JUST at the right time in the Metropolitan Opera season, at a time when repetitions are the order of the day, and when almost every season settles down for a leisurely but artistic lull, the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company has given new life and interest to opera here. By sending over their forces once a week, French opera has been injected, though in homeopathic doses, into the Metropolitan repertoire. Massenet's "Cendrillon" was thus given its first performance in New York, the same composer's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" was repeated, and Bizet's "Carmen" was given a hearing. But more important than these was Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's newest opera, "I Giojelli della Madonna" ("The Jewels of the Madonna"). It was given its first performance, on any stage, in Berlin, December 23d, while its first performance in America occurred in Chicago, January 12, 1912. New York first heard this work at the Metropolitan on March 5, with this cast:

Gennaro, Amadeo Bassi; Carmela, Louise Berat; Maliella, Carolina White; Rafaele, Mario Sammarco; Biaso, Francesco Daddi; Ciccillo, Emilio Venturini; Stella, Jenny Dufau; Concetta, Mabel Riegelman; Serena, Marta Wittkowska; Grazia, Rosina Galli; Totonno, Edmond Warnery; Rocco, Nicola Fosseta.

As dramatic and as swift in action as "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," "The Jewels of the Madonna" is certain to strike popular appeal. It is a tale of the nether world of Naples, a poor blacksmith falling in love with his foster sister, who is really the daughter of a woman of the streets. She loathes him, but he is madly infatuated, and to win her love he steals the jewels from the madonna figure and lays them at the girl's feet. She is dazzled, and succumbs to his love pleadings. When she awakes from the horror of it all, she rushes to the man she really loves, the leader of the Camorra, and tells him all. He rejects her, and when he sees that she is bedecked with the jewels of the madonna is horror stricken. His men find the poor blacksmith, who is given a dagger and told to kill himself "like a dog." The girl flees, the poor devil places the stolen jewels on an altar and, praying forgiveness, drives the dagger into his heart. That is the skeleton of tragedy which stalks interestingly through three acts of a well planned and cleverly made libretto.

Where Wolf-Ferrari betrays his greatest cleverness is in seizing every possible legitimate opportunity to introduce contrast in order to relieve the strain of tragedy, and also in order to heighten the effect of the stirring story. So he seizes upon dancing incidents, one in the first act and a still better one in the last, where Naples is seen dancing, first on the streets and then in the den of the Camorra. There is also fine contrast of pomp in the first act on the occasion of the passing of the procession on the feast day of the madonna; while in the second act there are some appealing love episodes. It is all musically well knit and effectively expressed. The music is modern and brilliant, yet he finds room for long-breathed melodic phrases. Probably the most interesting bits are the two intermezzi, each of which had to be repeated at this performance.

But the music is so totally unlike Wolf-Ferrari's other two operas known here: "Le Donne Curiose" and "Il Segrete di Susanna," that it is difficult to believe the same brain conceiving this

Matzene
Marta Wittkowska
(in "Il Trovatore")

Matzene
Hector Dufranne
(in "Samson et Delilah")

Copyright Mishkin
Mme. Fremstad
(in "Tosca")

Copyright Miskin
Mme. Destinn
(in "Pagliacci")

Matzene
Charles Dalmores
(as Samson)

Mme. De Pasquali
(in "Rigoletto")

"Jewels of the Madonna." There are in the latter, as in the two former works, traces of reminiscences, but not nearly to so pronounced a degree. The mood more than the melody suggests certain other operas, but there is little more than that. The orchestration is at times as brilliant and dramatically brutal as is that of Richard Strauss; at other times it is as frankly melodious as is Puccini's instrumentation. It would hardly be fair to say that this is a "great" opera, but it is really one of the most interesting and stirring works that has appeared on the horizon for years.

The performance was generally spirited. The best of the principals was Carolina White, who played the drab Maliella finely, never idealizing the part, never touching the dregs of vulgarity. She was best in the moment of spying the jewels that have been stolen for her, when she became as one hypnotized by their glittering surfaces, and thus logically explaining why she throws herself into the arms of the man she loathed. She sang dramatically well, too. Sammarco, as the lover Rafaele, and leader of the Camorra, acted finely, giving a realistic picture of this captain of Naples' band of murderers. As Gennaro, the blacksmith, Bassi was not nearly so good as the rest, his voice never forsaking the bleating quality, and his acting lacking convincing sincerity. Particularly ineffective was his death scene. Campanini conducted with old-time spirit and skill, making most of the brilliant episodes. The three scenes were very attractive in color and mood, and the numerous smaller parts were well taken, particularly that of Tortenno, sung capitally by Warnery.

"The Jewels of the Madonna" was well worth hearing; more than that, it promised to be interesting at repeated hearings—if these be granted to New York operagoers. It is so brilliant and clever a score that its beauties are not nearly exhausted with a single presentation.

That other novelty, Massenet's "Cendrillon," was first heard in New York, at the Metropolitan, on February 20th, with this cast:

Copyright Dupont MLLE. ROSINA GALLI
Première danseuse with the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Co.

Cendrillon, Maggie Teyte; Mme. de la Haltiere, Louise Berat; The Prince, Mary Garden; The Fairy, Jennie Dufau; Noemie, Mabel Riegelman; Dorothee, Marie Cavan; Pandolfe, Hector Dufranne; The King, Gustave Huberdeau; Dean of the Faculty, Francesco Daddi; Master of Amusements, Desire Defrere; The Prime Minister, Constantin Nicolay.

The work proved a grave disappointment to those who admire Massenet's cleverness and skill in his musical treatment of stage situations. It had none of the tunefulness of "Thaïs," none of the spirit of "Jongleur," none of the charm of "Werther." Its sentiment scarcely got across the footlights, its brilliancy was pomp and bombast. Probably no other opera by this famous Frenchman that has been heard here exerted so little fascination for his admirers as did this opera, with its singularly frank display of lack of inspiration. The libretto, fashioned after the well-known Cinderella tale by Henri Cain, offered enough opportunities, which the composer seems to have missed.

The whole first act, with its contrasts, went for nothing; and the gyrations of the fairies looked like the Loie Fuller family on a holiday. The only scene which exerted any spell of romance and near mystery was the one of the great gnarled oak—beautifully presented, by the way, in this production; and even here it all turned out to be opera instead of make-believe fairy tale. And the thin thread of "Once upon a time" spirit vanished.

Nor was the performance one to display this visiting opera company at its best. Maggie Teyte was then heard here for the first time in opera, and she was clearly hampered by mood or circumstance, for her acting and singing of the title part left much to the imagination, and even more to be desired. Mary Garden as Prince Charming, was a statuesque, blond person, more like a musical comedy character than an important figure in grand opera. Dufranne, as the henpecked husband, was excellent; and Louise Berat carried off honors as the stepmother of Cinderella. Jennie Dufau, as the Fairy, did not sing

this florid music adequately, and Campanini conducted his forces with customary brilliancy, but the playing of the orchestra was ragged—according to Metropolitan standards.

"Carmen," sung by these forces, offered as a novelty Mary Garden in the title rôle. In theory it argued that she would have been ideal for this part, but her interpretation of the Bizet-Merimée heroine lacked just exactly those features necessary for a vital and interesting presentation. Mary Garden was her old self just once during the evening—when she first entered, a crimson carnation in her hair. Then she had brilliancy, dash and abandon—but after that she settled down into a groove of uninteresting conventionality. The query that tacitly flew around the audience was: "What had happened to Mary Garden's personality?" Nor was she the only blot on the operatic escutcheon that evening, for Dalmores, the Don José, and usually so admirable in the part, was vocally and histrionically quite disappointing. His voice had little of that famously dramatic ringing quality, and it even broke in the Flower Song. Renaud, again a sterling artist, was Escamillo, but a more sleepier interpretation has seldom been seen here. The brightest spot in the cast was Zeppilli, who sang Micaela with brilliant voice. Campanini conducted well. Rosina Galli earned success by her clever dancing.

Copyright Dupont

MME. EMMA CALVE AND HER HUSBAND IN "CARMEN"

On another evening this company presented the familiar operas of "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." Familiar principals peopled the cast of the latter, Mary Garden, in the title part, appearing to much better advantage than she had on any earlier occasion this season. Renaud was admirable as Boniface, while Dufranne and the rest of the cloister crew were excellent. In "The Secret of Suzanne" there was heard a new baritone, Alfred Costa, who had a pleasing voice, but not a large one. Carolina White as the Countess was in bad voice. A new conductor, Ettore Perosio, led the performance, but most of the sprightly spirit of the dainty opera disappeared under his baton.

During all the rest of each week of the speeding month the regular Metropolitan artists have fed opera to the opera hungry masses in huge but highly artistic doses. New York really seems opera mad, for enormous audiences have crowded the Metropolitan each night. For the most part the performances have been repetitions, but new interest has been given familiar operas by the introduction of different artists in the casts. So, for instance, Caruso, for the first time in two years, sang Rodolfo in a repetition of "La Bohême" so exquisitely that the work sounded new. He, too, after a lapse of years, was the Duke in "Rigoletto," and had his audience shouting itself hoarse at his singing of "La donna e mobile." This particular "Rigoletto" was an all-star special performance, the singers being Caruso, Tetrazzini, Renaud and Homer, and if the Metropolitan has ever held more people at a single performance, then the record of such an event has disappeared. "Rigoletto" was repeated later with the same stars, but minus Tetrazzini, Bernice de Pasquali in her stead, and the latter soprano, after two years' absence from the Metropolitan cast, distinguished herself by very delightful singing of Verdi's florid music.

The really important revival of the month has been "Otello," which marked the return to these forces of Frances Alda—in private life, Mme. Gatti-Casazza. She sang Desdemona in a manner that showed vast improvement over her former work here. She did not force her voice, as a result the natural beauty of it became apparent, and her "Willow Song" and the "Ave Maria" of the last act were really delivered with exquisite pathos. Slezak, in the title part, was not quite up to his own standard in the reading of this heroic rôle, yet he was impressive. As the serpentine Iago, Mr. Scotti was simply superb, giving a dramatic performance and indulging in illuminating facial gestures that, quite apart from the singing even, would have been a credit to any stage presentation of this play. Signor Toscanini conducted really an inspiring performance.

Another revival was "The Bartered Bride," Smetana's melodious, merry, Bohemian opera, ably and spiritedly sung by Destinn, Jörn, Reiss and Didur. Meanwhile, Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungen" cycle has run its successful course begun last month with that excellent "Rheingold" presentation. "Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" were given performances on the highest artistic planes, making Wagnerites ask themselves, "Why go to Bayreuth?"

And still more notable was an additional performance of "Die Walküre," in which Margarete Matzenauer sang Brunnhilde for the first time here. This contralto has surprised everyone by her versatility, having sung about all the rôles that fall to the lot of a contralto. Now she broke into the realm of dramatic sopranos with a very admirable performance of Brunnhilde. She looked regally imposing, this daughter of Wotan, and she acted it with rare intelligence. There were moments when the music seemed to lie pretty high in range for her voice, but these were details that entirely disappeared in the judgment of her entire reading.

Hall

JOE WEBER AND LEW FIELDS LOOKING OVER THE MANUSCRIPT OF A NEW BURLESQUE

A Dual Interview with Weber and Fields

"THE first time I remember seeing Joe I admired him. There was a reason—he was smoking a cigarette, and he got away with it. I tried, but it made me sick. That made me admire Joe more than ever."

It was "Lew" Fields who spoke. I speak thus familiarly of him because he had said: "If anyone called me 'Mr. Fields' behind the scenes I think I should faint." I determined to save him from swooning when he reads this interview. If he had not thus spoken I should have been strongly moved to use the forbidden title, for the tall comedian has a most serious face, and in his brown eyes there is the sadness we see in the eyes of a Newfoundland or Saint Bernard. Natural dignity is writ all over him. He has said that "Joe" is funny off the stage, but he bottles his humor for business. He was sitting in a straight-backed chair at his flat-topped desk in "Lew" Fields's office above the Broadway Theatre. He looked across the desk and smiled at his small, blue-eyed partner, who was half lost in the depths of a huge upholstered green chair. A return smile sped across the flat-topped desk. It was Joe who spoke first:

"Lew always wondered why I stood on a street corner a long way from home when I smoked. I'll tell him now, at the risk of losing his admiration, that I didn't dare smoke around home. My mother believed that to spare the spank was to spoil Joey, and she always did her duty, as she saw it. I was six months older and half a foot taller, and 'Lew' had to look up to me. That's the way we looked then."

Above the desk hung an old newspaper print of "the boys" at the time of the beginning of their friendship. Both were pudgy urchins, and both looked as though frightened at the camera. "Joe" was sitting.

"They always made the shorter one stand," he said. "My first recollection of 'Lew' was when he bragged that he could dance on a plate."

"I had said it so often that I made myself believe I could," was the defense.

"I told him I was willing to see him dance on a plate," said Mr. Weber.

"And, of course, when I came down on the plate I broke it," smiled his partner. I kept on trying until I had broken six. Then my mother heard the noise and led me away."

"We heard him get his licking," laughed "Joe."

It is good to hear grown men laugh at the days when they were boys together. The laughter of these two, the Field laughter from deep in his chest, the Weber jubilation in higher, lighter tones, had something about it that was irresistible.

"Joe was a dapper little fellow, neat and trim," was the serious comment of the taller comedian.

Joe Weber grinned. Quickly with a humorous gleam in his eye he retorted:

"I thought 'Lew' was young, and I patronized him. But I always thought he was a good-looking fellow. He had fine eyes and teeth, and a warming kind of a smile, a regular heart-breaker, so to speak."

"We were seven then," broke in "Lew," "and were going to the same school on Henry Street. We were going to the Allan Street School when we were nine years old, but were turned out."

"Because we were comedians at recess, and couldn't stop fun-making when we got into line," prompted Joe Weber.

"The children would keep on laughing," continued Lew Fields.

"Because we made faces at them," added his partner.

"Did they have corporal punishment in the schools?" I asked.

"Did they?" The Fields' smile bespoke mingled reminiscences. "But their touch was light. We backed up to it."

The smaller of the partners sadly shook his head.

"When we were turned out of school we went on the stage. We had a pickanniny act. My father made us little white linen suits. We had a black make-up."

"No." The Weber tone was ringing and positive. "It was a leopard make-up. Awful!"

"We were very bad. Our mothers were in front, and had brought an old-fashioned bouquet. You know the kind, with paper scallops around it, and wrapped in tinfoil? We were to come on the stage and do a turn, then come back and do another. When we came back the second time the bouquet was to be sent up. It wasn't sent up. I was to hold my hands so and turn a somersault. Instead I fell, and they rang down the curtain."

"Several men standing about the stage door told us our act had been a big hit. They said the managers would all be after us next day, so we went in front to our mothers, like conquerors. 'Why didn't you send up a bouquet?' we asked. 'The curtain

LILLIAN RUSSELL AS SHE APPEARS AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE IN THE NEW WEBER AND FIELDS' JUBILEE PRODUCTION

came down so quick we couldn't,' they answered. 'Give it to us anyway,' said Joe, and we went strutting around the hall, he carrying the bouquet part of the time and I the rest."

"That was one of the four or five big events of our thirty-four years together," said the senior partner.

"The next was when we opened on Broadway," said the junior. "No. It was when we hung over by the bridge and expected to be shaken down by the train. It was while we were with the New Robbins Circus. We jaunted about the country from one coast to the other. I, being the smaller of the two, was doing 'leaps' in the circus. I saw one man fall to his death. I pretended to be sick, so that I wouldn't have to do another leap in the air. We left the circus, and, while we were walking behind it, we came to a deep, narrow cut in the mountains. We were crossing a bridge when we heard a rumble of the rails that told us a train was coming. We looked down the stream and the rumbling grew louder. Big fir trees on both sides of the stream shut off our view. There was no smoke to show which way the train was coming from, and as we were only half way across, we didn't dare take a chance and run for it. We did all that was left for us to do, swung down over the stream, hanging to the beams of the trestle with both hands, and waited; hanging there we made final disposition of our effects.

" 'If I fall and am killed, give my clothes and the twenty dollars I have in the savings bank to my mother,' said 'Lew,' with a sob in his voice.

" 'Yes, and you do the same for me,' said I with tremolo.

"We tried to shake hands, but we couldn't reach. We nodded good-bye. The train swung around a curve and was on the bridge. It shook it as a dog does a rat. Then it was gone. I looked across and saw that 'Lew' was still hanging to the beams. He was looking to see if I was safe. We climbed back, hand over hand, and hurried off the bridge. It was a shave. That night when I combed my back hair I found three white hairs."

There are as many gray as brown hairs in the thatch of the senior partner to-day. The dome of the junior-by-six-months is covered with sleek brown hair. Covered, did I say? Yet there is a decided thinness on the crown.

"The next big event was the night we decided not to take Oscar Hammerstein's advice. We were playing in the New York Theatre, then his playhouse. He was a great man. We measured his greatness not only by reputation but by the fact that he paid us three hundred dollars a week. He had heard of our ambitions to be at the head of an organization. He knew that two years before we could vote we had induced some old-time and famous actors to join us. About that time every actor who was prosperous wore a ring with a big diamond in it, and a stickpin with another. We outfitted ourselves in Boston, and paid for them by the week. The next week the rings were gone. We had to pawn them. And the next week the stickpins had gone to the same place. Mr. Hammerstein said: 'You boys are doing well on the road, aren't you?' We admitted it. 'Then drop this producer business and stay on the road,' he said."

"The boys" were deeply impressed by the great Hammerstein's advice. They would have considered it good and final, had it not been for the fact that children by the scores followed them on the street. "That means popularity," said Lew Fields.

"And popularity means money," said Joe Weber.

"Well, let's try it," said "Lew." And the Weber-Fields Music Hall came into being.

"That opening was a big event to us," said they both.

"The night of our separation, our last appearance together, as we thought, was another," It was "Lew" Fields who spoke.

"It was as sad as the time we hung over the railroad bridge, and as dangerous," said "Joe" thoughtfully. "We felt as we did when we hung from the bridge."

Photo White

Melissinda
(Madame Simone)

Bertram
(Julian L'Estrange)

Act II. Bertram appears to Melissinda as Rudel's emissary

SCENE IN ROSTAND'S POETIC DRAMA, "THE LADY OF DREAMS," AT THE HUDSON

"The opening night of the jubilee we didn't know how we felt. We were walking in a daze. I heard the people laugh, but I couldn't think what we were doing to make them laugh."

"There was a lump in my throat all evening. It was because we missed Pete Dailey and Louise Allan Collier. And when David Warfield surprised us by coming on, after twelve years, I thought I would choke. It was like a voice from the dead."

"But they were only with us part of the time. It was the wonderful reception the people of New York gave us that broke us up. It proved that the people of America are loyal to old favorites. We hear they are not, but that proved it."

"But if the production hadn't been good?" I queried.

"They didn't know when they gave the reception whether it was good or bad. They welcomed us for old time's sake as the English do," said Joe.

"What is burlesque?" I looked from one to the other.

"It is the highest form of dramatic art," returned the tall partner promptly.

"It is caricature," insisted the smaller.

"Suppose you tell the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE the difference between imitation and burlesque."

"Anyone can do imitations," returned Mr. Fields. "They are nothing. Burlesque requires imitation, acting, a sense of humor and big reputation of the burlesqued and the burlesquers."

"And sincerity," insisted Mr. Weber, with quiet forcefulness.

"That is the reason one feels a little sorry for you when your partner is bullying you on the stage," said the writer.

"That's it," replied Lew Fields. "If there hadn't been a little pathos underneath the fun, I would have failed."

"Burlesque must be played as seriously as 'Hamlet.' We know," said Joe, "that there are no two such persons possible in real life as we play. We realize that more since we have been managing our separate productions and playing other lines. But we are serious in the silly bullying and the being bullied while it lasts. You can't fool the public. Audiences are wiser than they were when we began playing, and one man's kicking another as he was about to sit down, they called burlesque. The critics have taught the public, as it teaches the actors."

"We can say without egotism that we are alone in giving burlesque as we understand it."

From Mr. Weber: "A Slice of Life" is burlesque.

"No, it isn't," said his partner.

"Have you seen it?" pursued the smaller and quieter man.

I described the Barrie whimsy.

"It isn't burlesque, because they're not burlesqing anyone. It's never been played before," objected partner Fields.

"But it is burlesquing the way such parts have been played," responded partner Weber.

"What is the funniest line you've spoken in your thirty-four years on the stage?"

"The fun in the lines generally grows out of the situations. Only a few lines are funny in themselves."

"Which do you depend upon most for laughter, lines or business or make-up?"

(*Continued on page x*)

White — Bertram (Julian L'Estrange) — Brother Trophimus (George Farren)

Act I. Bertram recites to the sailors the poem about the Princess Faraway

SCENE IN EDMOND ROSTAND'S POETIC DRAMA, "THE LADY OF DREAMS," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

PRESIDENT TAFT as a Theatre goer

BY KARL K. KITCHEN

THE PRESIDENT'S BOX AT THE BELASCO THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Copy't Harris & Ewing
Major Archibald Butt, Aide to the President, who always accompanies him to the theatre.

WHEN President Taft seeks relaxation from cares of State, his favorite recreation is theatre-going.

He is the greatest theatre-going President this country has ever had. He attends two theatres every week, from the beginning of the season in September until its close in May. Not infrequently he attends three performances in a week.

There are two reasons why he is such a frequent patron of the theatre. In the first place, he is really fond of the drama, and in the second place, an evening at the theatre gives him at least three hours when no one can talk to him.

Theatre-going for him is not only pleasure, but a very necessary relaxation. After a strenuous day, nothing rests him more than an evening at a good play.

Nearly every Monday evening during the season President Taft, accompanied by Mrs. Taft, Major Archibald Butt, his military aide, and two guests, can be seen in the President's box at one of the three first-class theatres in Washington. Each theatre has a stage box, which is set aside for the President's use whenever he decides to attend.

Sometimes he is invited by the managers of the companies that come to Washington, for his presence is always desired. Quite as often he pays for the box himself. He usually selects the more important of the three first-class offerings for his Monday night visit. Then on Wednesday or Thursday he attends one of the other theatres. If there are three meritorious offerings, he will see the third on Friday night. He rarely attends the theatre on Saturday night, and never two nights in succession.

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PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT

There are three types of plays that he enjoys—Shakespeare, romantic dramas and modern high-class comedies. It is not generally known that he is a Shakespearian student, but there are few men in America who are more familiar with the Bard of Avon's works. He attends practically every Shakespearian production made in Washington, no matter whether the company is second or even third rate. For the other types of plays of which he is fond he demands competent actors, or he prefers to remain away.

Of the romantic dramas of which he is fond, "If I Were King" is the best example. Indeed, if one could name his favorite play it would be Justin Huntly McCarthy's drama, in which E. H. Sothern starred a few seasons ago.

It would not be discreet for the President of the United States to express preference for any particular actor, but those who attend the theatre frequently with him know he has a high regard for the histrionic abilities of E. H. Sothern and Otis Skinner.

Of the modern high-class comedies of which he is fond, Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" is one of the best examples. Next to Sothern's performance in "If I Were King" he enjoyed Miss Maude Adams's performance in the Barrie comedy.

He talked of both of these plays and their stars for many weeks after witnessing them. He saw "If I Were King" at Daly's Theatre in New York about three years ago, and shortly after saw Mr. Barrie's clever comedy in Washington.

Another play that made a profound impression on him was "The Twelve Pound Look," by J. M. Barrie, in which Miss Ethel Barrymore appeared last season. He was anxious to see it a second time, and was greatly disappointed because important affairs of State interfered.

Rarely does the President see the same play twice. However, last December, when "Kismet" was produced in Washington, he attended two performances of the Arabian Nights' drama. The fact that one of his favorite actors was the star of the piece was, no doubt, responsible for this unusual action.

The high-class comedies in which John Drew appears always appeal to the President. He does not like problem plays of any kind, for the reason that they never solve the problems they present. He goes to the theatre only to be entertained, and he finds the greatest entertainment in the types of plays already mentioned.

Musical comedies and comic operas bore him. Naturally he sees a good many of them during the course of a season, but if a "straight" play and a musical piece are in town, he invariably selects the former.

Nevertheless, the President is fond of good music, and he always attends several performances of the Metropolitan and Philadelphia-Chicago opera companies when they appear in Washington. He has a wide acquaintance among the more prominent operatic artists, and every year a goodly number of them are presented at the White House.

Last season the President was so charmed by the singing of John McCormack, the Irish tenor, that he invited him to luncheon. Whenever he attends a play in which an important star is appearing, he asks to have him or her presented between the acts. He has many friends among the older stars, and he always gives them a few minutes when they call at the White House to pay their respects.

John Drew is one of his old friends. Miss Ethel Barrymore, too, can boast of his friendship and admiration. At a recent per-

formance of her play, "The Witness for the Defense," in Washington, the President sent for the actress to come to his box, where he presented her to his guests, and complimented her on her performance.

No actor could ask for a more enthusiastic patron of the drama than William H. Taft. He "feels" what is taking place on the stage. In fact, Mrs. Taft frequently makes fun of him, because he makes such little effort to conceal his emotions. He is visibly affected by strong scenes, and he is vigorous in his applause of good ones.

While he tolerates musical comedy, he will not sit through a performance if it is at all off color. If he hears that a play has a broad theme he stays away, and if he does not make this discovery until he reaches the theatre he does not hesitate to leave. Fortunately, this has happened only once since he became President.

When President Taft goes to the theatre in Washington he dines at quarter past seven with his family and two guests. He leaves the White House promptly at quarter past eight, in order to be in the theatre before the curtain rises. Major Butt always accompanies him, and, of course, several Secret Service men guard the front of the theatre and the approach to the box.

He enters the Belasco and Columbia Theatres through the lobbies, but at the National Theatre there is a special entrance from the alleyway direct to his box. As soon as he enters the theatre—unless he is late—the orchestra plays *The Star Spangled Banner* while the audience stands.

He always waits until the end of the performance before leaving, and it is the etiquette in Washington for the audience to allow him to leave the theatre before any one else.

When he attends the theatre in New York—as he does frequently—he leaves a few minutes before the final curtain falls, as the etiquette is not observed here. He is usually the guest of his brother, Henry W. Taft, who, of course, pays for the seats.

Beyond the fact that he is more carefully guarded here, there is little difference between the Executive's theatre-going in New York and in Washington.

The President never goes to a restaurant after the theatre. Nor does he eat supper afterward. In Washington he returns directly to the White House, where he sits around for half an hour with his family and guests, and discusses the performance they have just witnessed.

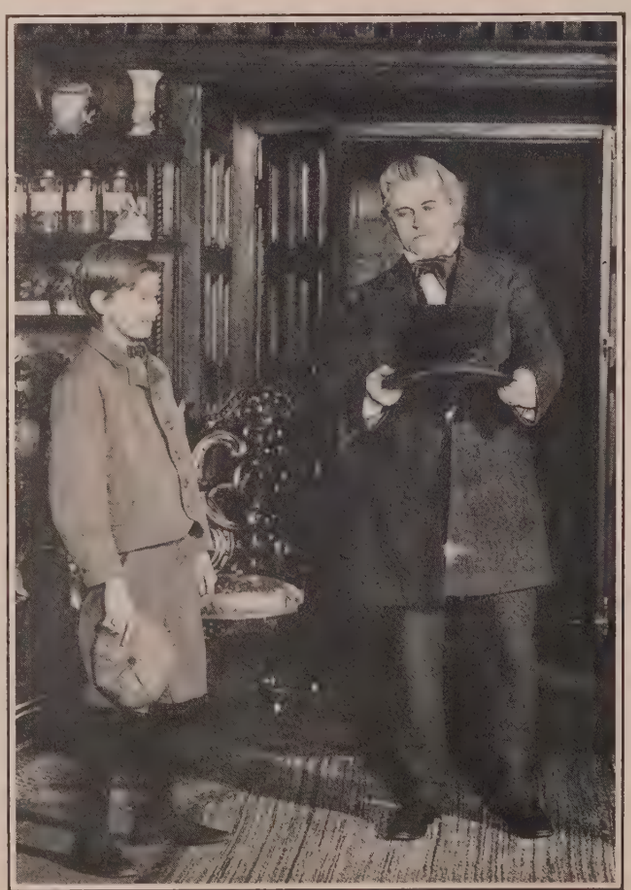
Before going to bed he eats a little fruit, a banana or two and perhaps an orange.

He always has a busy day ahead of him, and must retire early.

A Modern Master Betty

DAVID WARFIELD has been called, perhaps justly, the most popular actor in the United States. It was but natural, then, that as a star of such magnitude, making his first appearance here in a new play for several seasons, he should receive, even at the hands of New York, a so-called "warm reception." And upon Mr. Warfield's first entrance on the stage on this evening he was bountifully applauded.

But at the end of the "big scene" of the drama the hero was not Mr. Warfield. The applause then was such as to rouse even the most histrionically satiated of "first-nighters." It was not a thoughtless, gallery-god applause; it did not once interrupt the tensity of the scene; but when it broke forth, after the eloquent pause at curtain-fall, it swept through the house—boxes and balconies became one. And a first-night audience in New York is generally conceded to be sophisticated and blasé. The cause of this unusual approval was a mere slip of a lad. His name is Percy Helton.



Byron, N. Y.

PERCY HELTON AND DAVID WARFIELD
In "The Return of Peter Grimm" at the Belasco Theatre

It is rather the rule than otherwise that children on the stage, when they are called upon to express any emotion by themselves, are a pitiful bore to the regular playgoer. It is a wholly different affair when they appear in groups—to look, listen, smile, sing, or dance. Any one at all, versed in the psychology of the actor's art, could see upon the first entrance of Master Helton that here was a boy of unique personality—no ordinary "stage-child."

When he begged and cried for money to go to the circus, he begged and cried for all the world as if he were in dead earnest. He didn't overdo it, and his emotion was in no wise factitious; he seemed to be apparently quite unconscious of the unreality of the situation. When this little fellow was happy he laughed so engagingly as to make any but the most hard-hearted of spectators feel glad at his happiness; and when he sobbed, it was so spontaneously, so poignantly, that it may be safe to fancy that the women (if there were any such) who sat dry-eyed watching him were only those that had never known the "pleasure-pain" of motherhood.

The part of Willem, a lad of eight years, in "The Return of Peter Grimm," is not an easy one. It is somewhat long for a child's rôle, though not unduly so, and it embraces many complexities in its working out, such as the creator of little Fauntleroy never dreamed of. At one moment Willem is convulsed by the song of the clown, the next he is sobbing because he is forbidden to attend the circus, and then he is smiling and laughing, as he runs off to buy his ticket. He has a peculiarly difficult dialogue—or rather, monologue—with the spirit of old Grimm; he acts as a medium at a séance—and it is largely through the compelling power of his art that the audience becomes engrossed in this scene, which might so easily be rendered ridiculous; and he dies of a fever. Such a death, I dare say, has not been seen on the stage before. The playwright's ingenious device may not strike all observers as possessing verisimilitude; but, as it is performed by Master Helton, surely no one could wish it written or stage-managed otherwise than it is.

It is not difficult, when one is of the mind, to find fault with the performance of a child actor. This boy is hardly what one would call handsome; I remember I said so to myself upon his first appearance; but in the second and

(Continued on page vii)

Elena Gerhardt---A Painter in Words

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

TO have heard Sarah Bernhardt recite *The Last Rose of Summer,* or the now dead and gone Wolter, of the Burg Theatre in Vienna, give *The Two Pigeons* in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," meant the realization of songs without music.

We all recall the artist who calmly explained that the thousands he demanded for a portrait were not for the picture itself, but for the years he had taken in learning how to do it. The frank lady in her assertion that no woman could play Marguerite until she was too old to longer look the part, expressed something of the same sentiment. Yet once in a way, a very long way unfortunately, a woman may spring up who, either through reincarnation or some other accident, comes into full bloom so early that nipping frost consequent on years and on routine remains still far in the distance.

Such a rarity is Elena Gerhardt, the German lieder singer, who lately came to us; hers is the face of a Marguerite, with the freshness of youth still in her heart and on her lips, and together with this freshness a knowledge of the greatness held in little things which go to make them big ones, a knowledge built up through experience by a Bernhardt, a Wolter, or a genius in painting.

MME. ELENA GERHARDT

In the German lied music exists to heighten the effect, music of such subtle value that a misplaced nuance will mar it, but behind and above it all is the paramount value of the word. With only the slender support of a piano accompaniment, without the aiding illusions of scenery, costumes, lights, voice and intelligence alone remain to supply the picture.

When the folk song, passed on from heart to heart by tradition, merged after centuries into the written lied, it still held in its simplicity, condensed perhaps within two printed music pages, the firm outline of a comedy or of a tragedy. Most modern composers, in seeking for effect, have ended in distortion, far from the spirit of the form. But alone with a Schubert, a Schumann, or a Brahms to draw upon, if we had no more, the literature of the lied would remain eternal. The main difficulty lies in finding its interpreters. Charlatans, poseurs, reciters laboring heavily as with an antique tragedy, we have in plenty, and the innocuous, untroubled by thought, who prattle their lines as a babe does proverbs. These the advent of Elena Gerhardt does much to set aside, making way for a genuineness of which the present generation of music lovers has had sparse example.

It was in Leipsiz that Mme. Gerhardt spent her years up to twenty, years susceptible to stronger impression than are any coming later, and Leipzig, as everybody knows, is a town in which pretty much all else than music has gone to sleep. The lieder singer, like the poet, needs just such an atmosphere of calm, of green, spreading trees, of snow-covered spaces, of gentle, uneventful human intercourse to arouse ideals and cherish them. In Leipzig there is little of the material to prove disturbing, one concert after another, one artist after another, arouses the inhabitants from serenity and starts them towards the Gewandhaus, to emerge duly and go home to dreams again, saturated with what they have listened to. The family of Mme. Gerhardt has for generations been among these listeners, until, at last, in her there seems crystalized the fruit of all their listenings.

In the little town there is poetry of a kind that one never gets in absolute isolation of the country—the poetry of human contact and of human happening. Its impressions leave memories that nothing can fade out. No true singer or actor is without strong responsive feeling to these same memories. Difference in locality means nothing, for though incident of one section is not incident of another, the sum total of a memory of it and its effect on the emotions is identical. To one it may be a chorale played on a German church tower at midnight on Christmas eve, when all windows are thrown wide to let its sound drift in through quietly falling snow, or to another it may be the drowsy tinkle in the dark of a banjo down the street. Yet to either hearer in years that follow, sound of chorale or strummed melody will arouse a something so tender that no words could tell it all, even if they would. Such memories it is, first awakened by the sight or hearing of the dear familiar human things of life in a little town, itself long passed from their experience, which make so subtle a part of the emotional equipment of singer and actor. Things that have been are of infinite suggestion to things that are; it is in youth that such impressions, keenly aroused where feeling exists, must be stored up. In later life indelible emotions come only in crises of great joy or grief. In the case of Elena Gerhardt, her whole youth in the old town of Leipzig was crowded full with vivid poetic impressions, and being one of feeling and temperament, they sank deep. Words have become the pigments with which she paints moods against a beautiful background of melody.

At six years old she started in at school, and to her teacher's first question, "What can *you* do?" promptly answered "Sing," then and there giving a folk song in practical proof. Later, when her small colleagues had left, she was asked to prove it once more, all the teachers being called in to hear. That programme, impromptu and unstudied, made her first success. She sang all the way home that day, and every other following, dawdling along in snow or sunshine, for to sing makes one go slowly, so slowly that older heads were vexed to see her trapesing in at an hour when bread and butter before prayers and bed should have been the thought inspiring her. Singing as usual one afternoon, swinging her books in time with the melody, a strange man, smiling at the sight, asked what she would do when she grew up. "Be an opera singer," she stopped long enough to answer, then went on with her swinging and her melody.

The only sister in a family of six brothers, blue-eyed, blonde-haired like she, the girl lived only partly in their sturdier moods, the greater share of life meant song to her. Her father went with her finally to a teacher, when music seemed the thing inevitable. With canny sense for practical things, he wanted to find out the wisdom or unwisdom of the wish. Rebling, a noted instructor of Leipzig, was chosen as judge; the girl was sixteen. To pay out money for nothing was not her parent's aim. After she had sung he asked bluntly, "What do you think, can she become something?" "That is a dumb question," was the tart retort. "She can become anything." He died, poor fellow, six months later, and Elena Gerhardt turned her steps toward the Leipzig Conservatory, where in those days only mediocre vocal teachers, of which Rebling had not been one, predominated. Presently, by good fortune, Mrs. Hedmondt, a Bohemian, and the wife of a Canadian, was added to the faculty. To her is due the excellent vocal training of

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GERALDINE FARRAR IN "ARIANE ET BARBE-BLEUE"

The Operatic Beginnings of Geraldine Farrar

"YOU can't get ahead of a Yankee girl!" as Geraldine Farrar once remarked.

It was in the early days of the present régime at the Metropolitan Opera House, before the various artists knew each other well. A rehearsal of "Mme. Butterfly" was on. Toscanini was conducting, Miss Farrar singing her famous rôle, and there had been a little friction all the morning, for Toscanini is by nature and training an absolute dictator, while Miss Farrar was the "star," with all the term implied, under the old management. Finally they came to a place where, for a special effect, Miss Farrar made a big retard, ending with a long hold, while Toscanini carried the orchestra right along without a pause. Miss Farrar stopped singing, and in a moment Toscanini halted the orchestra. There was a second of silence, while the two artists glared at each other, then Miss Farrar walked slowly down to the footlights and said: "Mr. Toscanini, the people come to the Metropolitan Opera House to look at the front of my face, not at the back of your head," saying which to an operatic autocrat of Toscanini's standing was nothing short of *lése majesté*. Of course, the rehearsal was dismissed.

For nearly all that season Toscanini refused to conduct when Miss Farrar sang, but each of them was too fine an artist to permit any such condition to continue, so with one thing and another, first one taking a half step, with the other coming forward to meet, it was all patched up, a sort of artistic lovers' quarrel, making life all the pleasanter thereafter. So a short time ago Mr. Gatti-Casazza said that the Metropolitan had just two really economical artists, Caruso and Miss Farrar. "I never begrudge either of them a cent they get, for they earn it every time. I have to pay them the most, but they bring it all back to me."

Geraldine Farrar's position on the operatic stage is unique, a tribute to a personality fairly radiating that most illusive quality called—charm. In the world of art, as of men, the overmastering force is personality. There must go with it technical powers of the finest kind to do the work, but no technical skill ever obtains the hold on the great public which brings success without those qualities of heart and temperament which the world has always fought over, sought to analyze, and been forced to recognize under the baffling term of magnetism. Whatever this may be, Miss Farrar has it in unique degree. The critics may point out weaknesses in her technical equipment, which she will admit most freely, yet when her name is on the bills a crowd of people always rushes to the opera house, and there must be a reason. People do not spend five and six dollars a seat, night after night and year after year, except for cause.

To us it has always seemed as though this peculiar charm came from Miss Farrar's essential womanhood, the appeal which the "eternal womanly" has for all our finer instincts. There is nothing of the dominating force of the conqueror compelling our

White

GERALDINE FARRAR IN HER DRESSING ROOM AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

admiration, no strident note imposing its claims on our attention, but the winsome grace of girlhood that touches the ever-welling springs of feeling in the heart of man and woman alike. She has never been associated in her art with psychological studies in degeneracy to titillate the jaded appetite, but has brought to us again the old story, renewed with each rebirth of mankind, of love and honor.

"My first appearance! Why, I never had a qualm. I was just crazy for the time to come, no more nervous than I am this minute, nor have I ever been since, which is the reason why I have always believed that I was intended for the stage. The thought of the audience has been a joy and an inspiration to me; I love them, so the idea of stepping out on the stage is like meeting many dear friends. I first went to Berlin from Paris, because I found that I could not do the serious work in Paris that I knew I needed. I love Paris very dearly, so I wish to make my meaning clear, but Paris is not the place for study. It is for the finished article. Then you cannot win Paris, she must be conquered, and the spirit is in the air that does not make for quiet work. In Berlin there was an Italian Russian who in his sane moments could give you enough to pay for missing nine other lessons out of ten, but though I got a great deal from him, I wanted most to work with Lili Lehmann. She would not hear me. After I was turned away from her house I went home to think what I would do, and I made up my mind that she was the one with whom I was going to study. So I began bombarding her with letters and postal cards, telling her that I had come to work with her, that I was an American girl, and that as she had had experience with Americans she might as well give in first as last, for I should camp on her doorstep till she took me in. After a few weeks the strain was too much for her, so she gave me an appointment, and after she heard me she said that I could work with her. What a wonderful woman she is! I told her that above all I wanted from her was the true feeling for the German *lieder*, of which she alone had the secret, and we went at it.

White
GEORGE RELPH AS THE WAZIR'S EXECUTIONER IN "KISMET"

"Her home was three-quarters of an hour by car from where we lived, but I was at her house every morning promptly at nine o'clock, and she used to keep me sometimes as late as half-past one or two, but never once did she invite me to stay to dinner. She knew when she had had enough of me. I lived with my father and mother in a little house out in the suburbs, just as we used to live in Boston, and when I was not at Lehmann's I was at home studying. I could not understand then, nor can I now, how parents will let their girls go over to Europe, live anywhere, eat anything, spend their time as they will, and expect anything but trouble. If you are going to do serious work you must have a quiet home to do it in."

"One day Mme. Lehmann said to me, 'Geraldine, don't you ever let anybody persuade you to anything contrary to your instinct. You are a queer child, with a personality such that you will have to work out your own salvation, but this I know, you will never develop yourself by copying others, nor seeking to guide yourself by the advice of others. So you make up your mind to go your own gait, and trust to your own instinct.' This has been true. Sometimes I have tried to follow other models, have sought to imitate that marvelous tone of Melba, but every time that I lost the sense of my own individuality I got so confused that I knew I should go all to smash if I fooled with myself in this manner. What I am of good or bad, it is I myself.

"Once, in the midst of the morning's lesson, Mme. Lehmann said:

"'Geraldine, would you like to sing this afternoon for the intendant of the Royal Opera?'

"'What for?' I demanded in surprise.

"'For an engagement, of course,' she answered.

"'Why, nonsense,' I spluttered. 'I am not ready for anything of that kind.'

"'Well, will you sing any-

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MME. GERVILLE-REACHE AS CARMEN

The Morals of Carmen

By JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE

IS Bizet's heroine a selfish, treacherous, faithless creature? The majority of people think so. Some call her capricious; some only see in her a moral pervert. I consider her as a perfectly frank, honest, lovely and lovable young woman, with a morality and a point of view all her own, of course.

anne Gerville-Réache (Mme. Rambaud) and her son Paul when a baby

Now remember that the loveliest pet cat is bound to strangle your pet canary without feeling any remorse for it; the loveliest fox-terrier will, if given a chance, break your pet cat's back, and the loveliest river may drown you unless you know how to swim.

It's all a matter of point of view. If we imagine a middle-class Carmen, with a high school or college training, brought up in a set where regard for other people's feelings and opinions generally regulates one's conduct, her actions could not be censured too severely.

Even if Carmen had been born in a poor workingman's home, her behavior, contrary to the current conventionalities, would appear rather loathesome. If we remember, however, that she was a gypsy, nobody's child, with the complete lack of principles and ethical beliefs characteristic of roving tribes, that she had never been taught the difference between good and bad, between what is moral and what is not, we can view her character from an entirely different angle.

Bear in mind that she may have principles and ethical beliefs, and is probably very conventional in her application of them. Only they differ from ours. She also knows the difference between good and bad, and so does the fox terrier, according to whom cats are bad, and breaking cats' backs is good.

Were she endowed with any powers of psychological analysis, her fickleness would be cruel; were she not a wanderer on the face of the earth, the thoughtlessness with which she drags José down to a smuggler's and highwayman's life would appear unpardonable. But being what she is, every action of hers is natural, simple, I would almost say "honest," in a primitive, uncouth way.

The wandering life of the gypsies being, in her estimation, the only life worth living, she cannot feel that José is sacrificing anything of import when he forsakes his career, his home, his bride and his family to follow her. She cannot feel any remorse when he is obliged to associate with her shady companions.

A child of Nature, she does not reason, but follows her instincts, and her instincts, being those of a healthy young animal, lead her to attachments

Paul Rambaud, now two years old

into which she never puts a particle of her soul. After all, it is all José's fault. He, the civilized man, has failed to realize that Carmen's love for him was a passing fancy, could not be anything, in fact, but a passing fancy. He has a complex soul, which admits of duties, of responsibilities, which conceives faithfulness as a corollary of mutual love. She, the wild bird of the fields and forests, cannot linger with the same lover any longer than her tribe would tarry in the same village.

She forsakes José for Escamillo, without even a thought of there being something wrong in the act. She takes a new lover with the same ease with which she pins a fresh rose in her dark hair. This implies no cruelty to the wilted flower. She breaks no moral law, since she knows nothing of our morality; she is, as I said before, a graceful young animal without any devious ways or thoughts, blurting out her likes and dislikes, absolutely irresponsible, an elemental force that must not, and cannot, be judged by conventional standards, by the iron-bound rules of civilized communities. The visualization and the interpretation of such a type is, to my mind, the most fascinating of artistic and psychological experiments.

White James Wilson Georgie Mack Chas. D. Clark Frank Sheridan Max Figman Edwin Arden Muriel Starr

Act 2. The boss finds he had been tricked

SCENE IN HAYDEN TALBOT'S PLAY, "THE TRUTH WAGON," AT DALY'S THEATRE

Copyright, Dupont

DAVID BELASCO

A Tribute to David Belasco

THE production of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," founded on David Belasco's play of the same name, at the Metropolitan Opera House in December a year ago, marked an epoch in the local music annals. In the past people had been content merely to listen to grand opera. All that they expected was that it should be superbly sung. Now they demand that it be not only superbly sung, but well acted. For that reason, if for nothing else, this famous première became a precedent, and the man whose distinction it was to set that precedent was David Belasco, who, at the invitation of the Metropolitan management, rehearsed the singers in their various rôles, and lent to the production generally his genius as a stage-manager.

The recent presentation, therefore, on the part of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House of a memorial to Mr. Belasco, the same being a formal expression of their appreciation of his services, had unusual significance. On the afternoon of January 9th, in the library of his beautiful studio in the Belasco Theatre, Mr. Belasco was waited upon by a committee consisting of Mr. Otto Kahn, Chairman of the Board of Metropolitan Directors, Mr. Robert Goelet, Mr. Henry Rogers Winthrop and Mr. John Brown, the business controller of the organization. On behalf of the Directorate, Mr. Kahn made a speech expressing their admiration for Mr. Belasco's talent, and thanking him, in formal terms, for the services he had rendered, at the end of the speech presenting the dramatist-manager with a rare and sumptuous album, on an illuminated page of which was the inscription seen in the accompanying cut.

PRESENTED TO
MR. DAVID BELASCO
BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE
METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY
AS A TOKEN OF ITS DEEP APPRECIATION OF HIS
GREAT ASSISTANCE AND SPLENDID WORK IN CONNECTION
WITH THE PREPARATION AND PRODUCTION OF
"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"
AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE — NEW YORK
DECEMBER TENTH — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

Illuminated Inscription on the Memorial Album presented by the Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House to David Belasco

The other illuminated page consists of a reproduction of the programme used on the occasion of the opera's première. The remaining pages contain autographs of Giacomo Puccini, the composer of the opera; of Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House; of Arturo Toscanini, the conductor; of Mme. Emmy Destinn, who sang the part of the girl and Enrico Caruso, who sang Johnson.

Photo White

HERMANN WEIL AS WOTAN AND MARGARETE MATZENAUER AS BRUNNHILDE IN "DIE WALKURE," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Photos Moffett KATHERINE HARRIS
Lately seen in "Uncle Sam" at the Gaiety

Copyright Moffett EMMY WEHLEN
Seen in "Marriage à la Carte" at the Casino

MARY JOHNSON
Seen in the musical comedy, "Little Miss Fix-It"

Is a Revival of Pantomime at Hand?

By ROBERT GRAU

IN theatricals, the taste of the public for particular subjects seems to come and go in cycles. Thus in recent years we have had the college play, represented by "Brown of Harvard," "The College Widow," etc.; then we had the Indian play, represented by "Strongheart," "The Squaw Man," etc.; later we had the morality play, represented by "The Servant in the House," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," etc. Still more recently we have been literally deluged with dramas of Oriental life, as seen in such productions as "The Garden of Allah" and "Kismet" which, closely followed by Professor Reinhardt's extraordinary wordless play "Sumurun," would seem to indicate an impending revival of the art of pantomime.

The younger generation of present-day theatregoers has, of course, no recollection of pantomime as it once flourished on the American stage. Hopes were entertained with the advent of our present splendid Hippodrome in New York that pantomime which, a generation ago, was a most popular attraction, would be revived, but year after year passes without the least effort to give this special style of entertainment which, in the days of George L. Fox, drew vast crowds to the theatre.

Poor Fox! When he died he took pantomime to his grave with him. He was the ideal Grimaldi of the era in which he lived. When he produced "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre (then at 618 Broadway), it had the prodigious run of 600 nights, and this was only surpassed in America once, by "The Black Crook," which had a run in excess of 700 nights. But Fox's career was not a particularly happy one. He aspired to serious work, and indeed was a most talented actor, but when the audiences, who were wont to hold their sides at his gyrations as a clown, were asked to applaud his "Hamlet," they laughed so that it broke the pantomimist's heart.

All of the clowns in Fox's day—James S. Maffitt, Robert Butler, Robert Fraser and Tony Denier—were fine actors. They all profited as long as Fox lived, but at his demise a gloom was cast over this superb art, and until the last year or two there has been no attempt to revive it in this country, although in London and throughout Great Britain pantomime is as potent as ever, and during the holiday and Easter seasons the majority of the theatres present modern, as well as old-fashioned pantomimes.

It is to Ruth St. Denis, Maud Allan, Gertrude Hoffmann, and other "art" dancers that we owe the present renewed interest in plays without words, yet none of these artists have been able to draw the public very long. Even that exquisite masterpiece, "L'Enfant Prodigue," when originally presented here, at Daly's Theatre, with Mme. Pilar Morin in the title rôle, met with only a lukewarm reception, and the superb art of Mme. Morin has gone begging ever since for want of a vehicle with which she could conjure the public.

At present there is little indication that the real old-time pantomime will ever be revived, though it is probable that if "Humpty Dumpty" were done again, it would create a furore among those new theatregoers who would thus see it for the first time.

Photos Moffett ESTHER BISSETT
Lately seen in a musical play, "Dear Old Billy"

ELSA RYAN
Seen in "The Pearl Maiden" at the New York

HELEN LACKAYE
Appearing in "The Blue Bird"

Photos by White

SCENES IN THE REVIVAL OF "OLIVER TWIST" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

No. 1. Act I—Oliver at Mr. Brownlow's house. From left to right: Charles Harbury as Mr. Brownlow, Marie Doro as Oliver Twist, Jane Wilson as Mrs. Bedwin, Fuller Mellish as Mr. Grimwig. No. 2—Oliver and Nancy (Constance Collier) No. 3. Act I. Scene II—Scene in Fagin's den. Percival Vivian as Charley Bates, Charles Rodgers as the Artful Dodger, Constance Collier as Nancy, Nat C. Goodwin as Fagin, Marie Doro as Oliver, Lyn Harding as Bill Sykes. No. 4—Nat C. Goodwin as Fagin. No. 5. Act III—Hotel near Hyde Park. Suzanne Sheldon as Mrs. Maylie, Olive Wynlam as Rose Maylie, Courtenay Foote as Harry Maylie, Howard Gould as Monks, Charles Harbury as Mr. Brownlow

Spectacle and pantomime go hand in hand, and both seem to be buried for all time. It is strange how public taste asserts itself; there has not been a spectacle on a large scale presented here since "Ben Hur," yet that production is now in its twelfth year, and has enriched its producers to the extent of over one million dollars. In a city like Altoona, Pa.—a one-night stand—it has twice had a week's run, and in each instance has played to gross receipts in excess of $12,000.

The next two years will witness a period of revivals of old plays and grand opera in English. Why may not some intrepid *entrepreneur* tempt fate with pantomime? Perhaps in modern times a spectacular setting would be necessary, but that nowadays presents no difficulty.

The New Theatre had its greatest success—in fact, its only public response—with "The Blue Bird," a production not wanting in the very elements that go to create a vogue for what in olden times we called pantomime. There is a fortune awaiting the manager who will have the courage to give the vast public of women and children of this big metropolis a glorious revival of pantomime, with its clowns and pantaloons, its wonderful tricks of harlequins and columbines that delighted our own early childhood. What would some of us give to see once more the transformation scenes with which the pantomimes of other days were wont to close the evening to the delight of both young and old?

Mishkin

MISS GRACE EMMONS
Seen recently at the Broadway Theatre as Candide in "The Wedding Trip"

In the vaudeville theatres, where producers seem to obtain more encouragement than is theirs in the distinctly legitimate theatrical field, there is at this time a seeming inclination or tendency toward the introduction of plays without words. Will the modern theatrical manager realize that among our ninety millions of playgoers there must exist a public for the real trick pantomime? Can it be possible that with the millions of new theatregoers created by the vogue of the silent drama, as portrayed on the moving picture screen, that an effort to revive the glories of the Fox era would fail of a public response? After all, we may have to depend on the camera man to create a new epoch. The men who now prosper amazingly in the field of cinematography may not possess the public spirit credited to their colleagues in the field of the theatre, but they are not without a certain discernment, and it may be that the indefatigable Vitagraph Company or the wondrous Kinemacolor Company may awaken to the call for a revival of genuine pantomime, and then will be recorded a still further encroachment on the realm of the player by the means of science and artifice.

Sisters Who Have Won Out on the Stage

Florence Nash

"COLUMBUS 4737?——Hello, mother; I'm starting for home, and do have something good for me to eat, for I'm famished."

Mary Nash had stepped out of the rôle of Wanda Kelly, the telephone operator, left her switchboard at the Republic Theatre for an instrument that was in good working order, and, disregarding the appeals and invitations for supper at "anywhere you might suggest," said her good-nights and, accompanied by her maid, was off for the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Nash, of 1690 Broadway, where she passes the greater part of the time when she is not at the theatre, for this remarkable girl loves her home better than anything else—except her work.

Mary Nash holds a unique place on the theatrical stage this season, for as the telephone girl in "The Woman" she has created a new rôle. She has come into her own without any theatrical traditions. Hard work and cleverness are the basis of her success, and a strong desire to go on the stage ever since she was a little girl living in Albany, where her father, now assistant manager of the Keith circuit, was connected with the business side of the theatrical profession.

Mary Nash spent most of her childhood and girlhood in Albany, and the thoughtful, dark-eyed little girl who would sit in one of the boxes of Proctor's Theatre on North Pearl Street, week after week, looking with intentness upon what was taking place on the stage, is well remembered by many of the theatre-goers of the capital city.

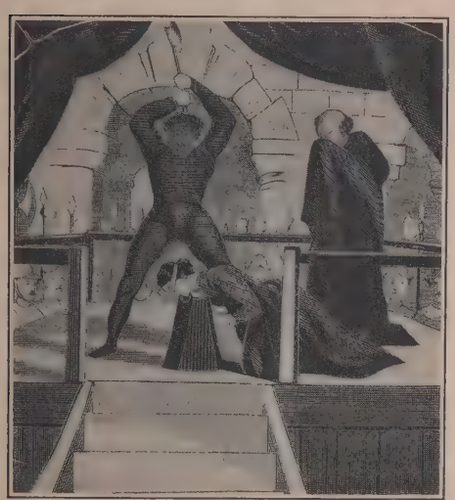
After studying at the Albany High School and the Academy of the Holy Names, she went to Canada, where she completed her education at the Convent of St. Ann Le Chiene. In 1901 she entered the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts in New York, from which two years later she graduated. During the summer of 1903 she became a member of a stock company, playing the ingenue parts, and then joined the company headed by Ethel Barrymore. She played in "Captain Jinks," "Alice Sit By the Fire," and other plays in Miss Barrymore's repertoire, and also with Mary Mannering and in "The Girl from Kays," but it was in her creation of the rôle of Ciceley in "The City," played last season with Tully Marshall, that Miss Nash made her first big hit, followed this season by her success as Wanda Kelly. She is not only a clever actress, but has a fine soprano voice and dances very well.

Mary Nash

While Mary Nash was a member of the stock company in 1903, her younger sister, Florence Nash, used to accompany her back and forth from New York to Jersey City, where the company was located. The younger girl had never thought seriously of going on the stage, but one day the leading woman was taken ill and her place must be filled, and Florence Nash, with no time for consideration, said she would fill the breach. That was all the training she had in dramatic art, and she was the little girl that created the rôle of The Lisping Girl in the "Boys of Company B." She had the second part in "The Darling of the Gods," with Percy Haswell as the lead; she was in "Miss Hook of Holland" and in "An Every Day Man," which had a long run in Chicago. Her work has been character parts and comedy.

SCENE IN "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET"

SCENE IN "LOST IN LONDON"



SCENE IN "MARY STUART"

Plays of Yesterday

ONE hears a lot of talk about the "palmy days" of the drama. It would be difficult to define just what this means, except that the era that is now having its day looks back with regret to the age that is buried in the past—with sorrow and maybe a large share of envy. Not the envy that corrodes, but one that yearns for those good old days. All old days are good—probably because we did not have to live in them. And among those "good things" was "Lady Audley's Secret," dramatized by C. H. Hazlewood, from the novel of the same name by Miss M. E. Braddon.

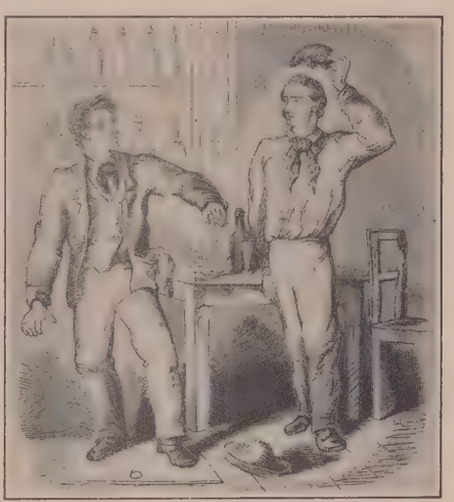
Lady Audley's "secret" means that the lady in question has another husband who thinks her dead. The early union was a love match, but the marriage to Sir Michael Audley was for money and position. Of course, husband No. 2 turns up at the psychological moment, which modern critics are prone to call the long arm of coincidence. This is the scene which occurs at the end of a long soliloquy:

LADY A.: "Why I have only just begun to live—to taste the sweets of wealth and power. If I am dead to George Talboys—he is dead to me. Yea, I am well rid of him, and on this earth we meet no more." (*Enter George.*)

GEORGE (*touching her on the shoulder*): "Yes, we do."

LADY A. (*turning with a shriek*): "George Talboys!"

GEORGE: "Aye, your husband! The husband of her who now calls



SCENE IN "THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN"

SCENE IN "NOBODY'S CHILD"

SCENE IN "THREE FAST MEN"

SCENE IN "THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE"

SCENE IN "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE"

SCENE IN "STREETS OF NEW YORK"

herself Lady Audley! Really, for a woman who has been dead and buried you look remarkably well, my dear."

LADY AUDLEY (*with consternation*): "I am lost!"

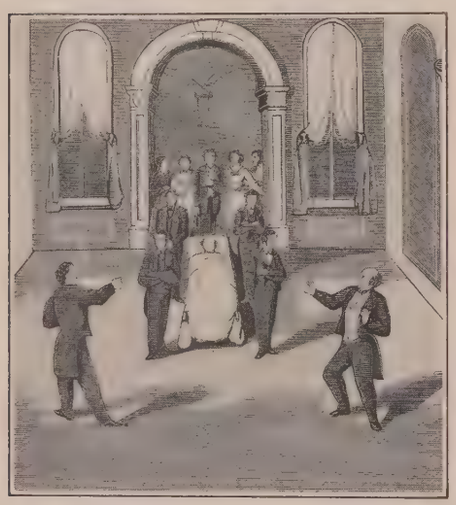
She pretends a great faintness and calls for water, and as Talboy's back is turned she seizes the iron handle off the well. Ladies did not carry guns in those peaceable days, and cyanide of potassium as a destructive agent was not yet fashionable.

GEORGE (*stooping down to well*): "It is the last service I shall render you." (*Lady Audley creeps up behind him.*)

LADY A. (*striking him with the iron handle*): "It is, indeed—die! (*Pushes him down the well; the ruined stones fall with him.*) He is gone—gone, and no one was a witness to the deed!"

LUKE (*Gamekeeper who has entered unperceived. Aside*): "Except me!"

LADY A. (*exulting*): "Dead men tell no tales! I am free! I am free! I am free! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Raises her arms in triumph, laughing exultingly. Luke looks on, watching her as the curtain falls.*)



SCENE IN "HENRY DUNBAR"

Of the actresses who exploited their art and temperament as Lady Audley, Miss Maria Daly in England, and in this country Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mrs. McCauley and Rachel Johnson were prominent.

"Lost in London," another "thriller" with theatre-goers of a generation ago, is a play in three acts by Watts Phillips. This old-timer, produced at the New Royal Adelphi Theatre in Liverpool about thirty years ago, is a story of Lancashire miners.

SCENE IN "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS"

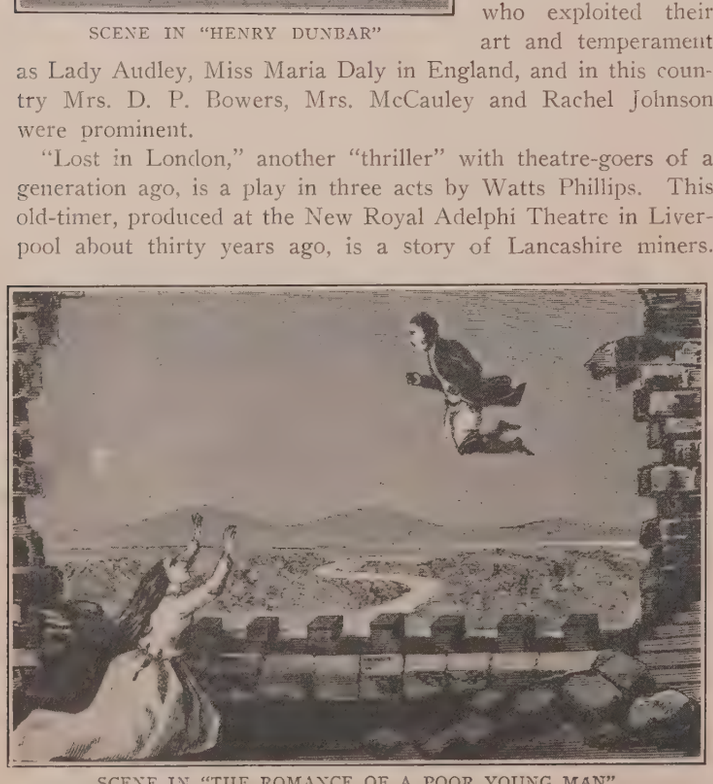
There is also a scene in a mine. The piece tells the story of a miner's pretty wife, Nelly, who is lured to London by the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing, one Gilbert Featherstone, the owner of the Bleakmore Mine.

The scene shown in the accompanying cut is in Act II. Nelly is living with Featherstone in London. The house is brilliantly illuminated. There is a party going on. Guests are coming and going. Enter Job Armroyd, the wronged husband. The stage directions say: "He is much changed; hair gray and long, nearly to his shoulders." Business intended to convey that grief has prevented him from cutting his hair.

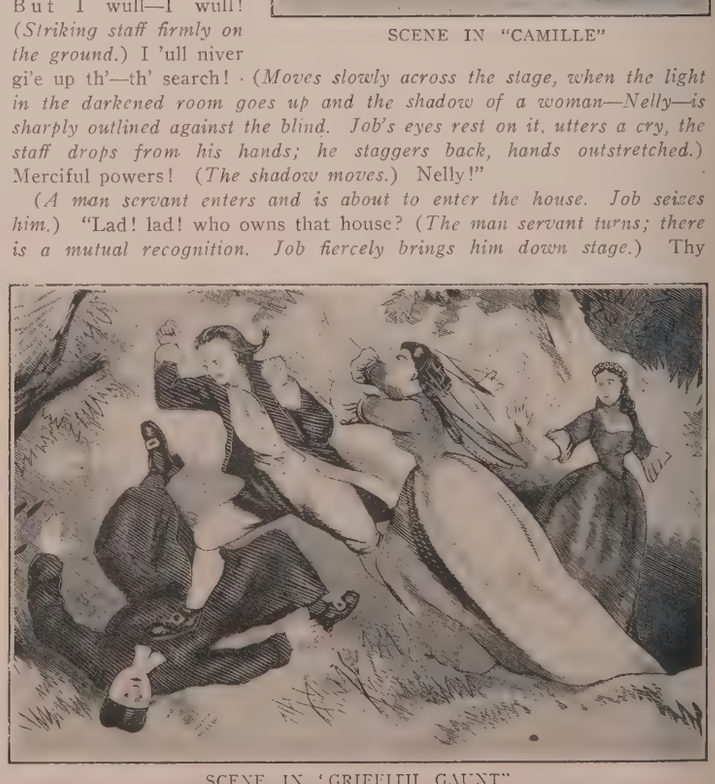
SCENE IN "CAMILLE"

JOB (*Pauses on the stage, leans on staff, listens to music inside house*): "That be a merry toon, anyhow! played by loight fingers an' danced to by merry hearts. An' between them an' Oi theer be on'y a wee bit bloind an' a pan o' glass. (*Sighs.*) Six months o' weary wanderin' an' all coom to nought. . . . But I wull—I wull! (*Striking staff firmly on the ground.*) I 'ull niver gi'e up th'—th' search! (*Moves slowly across the stage, when the light in the darkened room goes up and the shadow of a woman—Nelly—is sharply outlined against the blind. Job's eyes rest on it, utters a cry, the staff drops from his hands; he staggers back, hands outstretched.*) Merciful powers! (*The shadow moves.*) Nelly!"

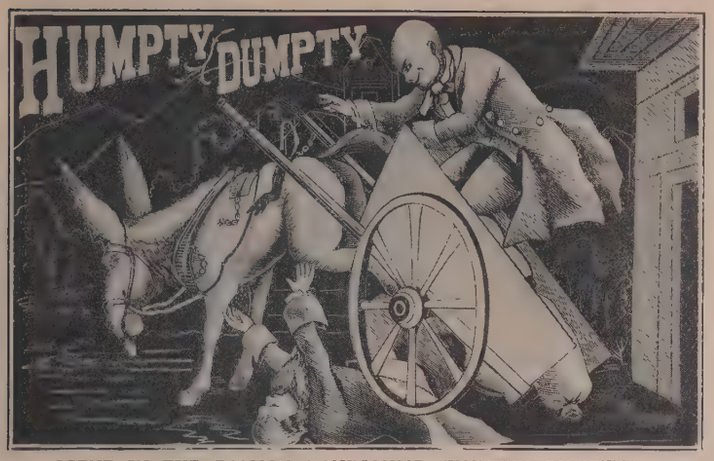
(*A man servant enters and is about to enter the house. Job seizes him.*) "Lad! lad! who owns that house? (*The man servant turns; there is a mutual recognition. Job fiercely brings him down stage.*) Thy



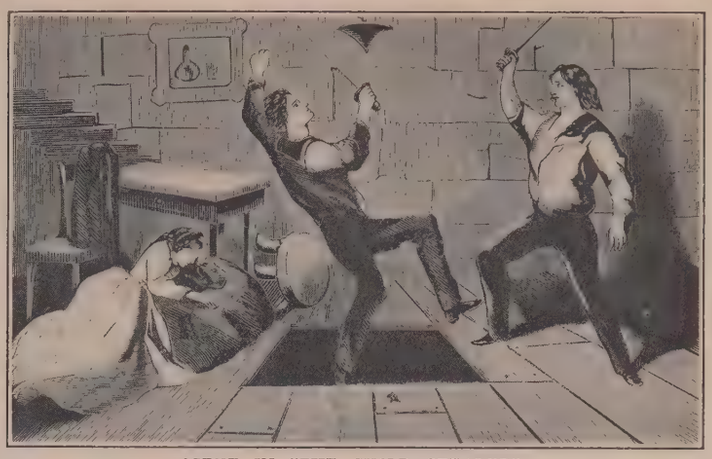
SCENE IN "THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN"



SCENE IN "GRIFFITH GAUNT"



SCENE IN THE FAMOUS PANTOMIME "HUMPTY DUMPTY"



SCENE IN "THE CHILD STEALER"

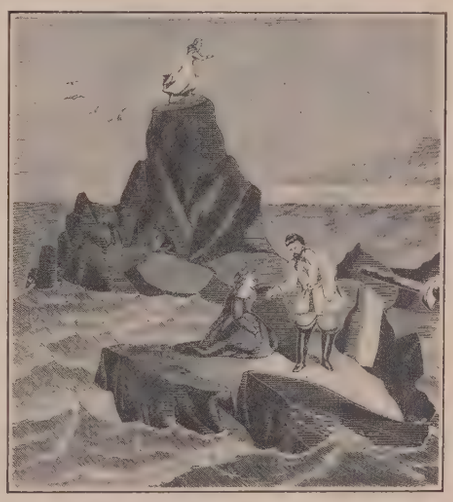
master! Is he theer?" (*They struggle; the man servant escapes from Job and rushes into the house; other guests enter talking and laughing. Job, exhausted, falls face forward on the steps, while a man with a torch holds it over Job as the scene closes.*)

The dénouement of the play is that Nelly, repentant after her wrong-doing, dies, and at her death Job declares very solemnly: "Though 'Lost in London' (*he indicates the great, slumbering city, now bright with moonbeams*) I shall foind her theer!" (*He points upwards with a bright and hopeful look, and the drama is ended.*)

SCENE IN "THE COLLEEN BAWN"

Although old-fashioned in its language, there is a lot of appeal in the story, and many worse plays of to-day are called great.

In Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's delicious comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," played at the old Lyceum by the lamented Mrs. Chas. Walcott, Mrs. Telfer has the line: "I have played thirteen queens in my time, and not one was worth a tinker's oath." Just what the public would think of either Elizabeth or Mary, if the tragedies about these two royal ladies were performed to-day, is hard to determine. A curious anomaly exists about these two plays—"Elizabeth," by Giacomo, and "Mary Stuart," by Schiller—in that the propositions are inverted. The Italian dramatist made Elizabeth his heroine, and Mary her *dea ex machina*, and Schiller made Mary his heroine and her red-headed sister Elizabeth, a jealous fury bent upon revenge of her beautiful but frail sister. Both of these plays have long since passed into the discard. Both are best remembered in the repertoire of Madame Janauschek. Both were uncommonly homely women, and in this Janauschek was easily first choice. Mrs. Scott-Siddons used to play Mary, because black was very becoming to her, so also was the coif. It seems to be her head on the executioner's block, as shown in our illustration. Janauschek was a massive, masculine woman, and not the graceful lady over whose head the property axe is held aloft. Just as the headsman raises his axe there is a quick curtain. The rest is left to the imagination of the audience.



SCENE IN "THE SEA OF ICE"

If ever there was a famous old melodrama it was "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," by Tom Taylor, first produced in this country at the Old Winter Garden in 1864. In the cast were W. J. Florence, who played Bob Brierly; Mrs. Chanfrau as Mary Edwards, and Mrs. Florence as Emily St. Evremond. A Mr. Hagan (father of Claude Hagan, the well-known stage carpenter and machinist), played Hawkshaw, the detective. One might say that this part made the play famous. Since then all detectives have been called Hawkshaws. Our illustration shows the famous scene in Act IV between Hawkshaw and Brierly (the ticket-of-leave man just out of Portland jail). Brierly learns of an intended robbery of an office and determines to frustrate it by warning the owner. Hawkshaw, disguised with wig and beard, feigns sleep. Moss, the rich receiver, goes down a trap that leads to a sewer. Brierly closes

SCENE IN THE FAMOUS BALLET "THE BLACK CROOK"

SCENE IN OLD-STYLE PANTOMIME

White
LULU GLASER IN HER NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "MISS DUDELSACK"

the trap and stands upon it. Quick action is necessary.

BRIERLY: "Now's the time. (*Seizes pen, writes rapidly.*) 'To Mr. Gibson, Peckham: The office will be entered to-night; I'm in it to save the property and secure the robbers. B. Brierly.' But who'll take it?"

HAWKSHAW (*Who has got up and read the letter over his shoulder*): "I will."

BRIERLY: "You!"

HAWKSHAW (*Pulls off his rough cap, wig and whiskers and speaks in his own voice*): "Hawkshaw, the detective. (*Gives a pistol.*) Take this—I'll be on the lookout."

Oh! how the gallery used to yell and whistle and stamp when they saw this!

"Nobody's Child," another one of Watts Phillips' plays, was produced at the New Surrey Theatre, London, Sept. 15, 1867. The "nobody's child" is a boy called Joe, who has been washed ashore twenty years before, and is looked upon as a sort of half-witted vagrant. He is described as a fine grown man, but ragged, unkempt and timid. The scene reproduced is "'The Ravine." Joe goes down to the bottom of the ravine after a will which is supposed to be in a tin box, buried at the bottom of it. Once down there he can't get up. Enter the leading lady whose name is Patty. You see what is coming. Joe calls for help. Patty seizes the rope and hauls away, with Joe and the box on the other end. The heroine is exhausted just as Joe reaches the top. The stones fall down and the heroine faints in Joe's arms.

Of the plays entitled "Three Fast Men" and "The Marriage Certificate" there appears to be no record. Even the oldest "old timers'" memories fail them about these, except that Fanny Herring, in her day a "Protean Star," used to play one of the "Three Fast Men" in the old Bowery Theatre. This word, Protean, is also reminiscent of the long ago in the theatre. In former days the Protean star was quite a personage. It means an actor who assumes, as evidence of his versatility, a number of characters in one play. They are out of date now, but survive in vaudeville and musical comedies.

"Le Grande Duchesse," by Offenbach, is chiefly memorable because it founded a school of light opera, or, rather, revived an old one in modern dress. The "book" satirized the then prevailing kingdoms and grand duchies of South Germany. It has inspired many notable books and plays, as, for instance, "The Prisoner of Zenda," and a million alleged comic opera librettos. It also introduced to the modern stage the *can-can* of the Jardin Mabille of Paris. It led up to the couchie-couchie, the "turkey trot," the "Coney Island wiggle," etc., etc. Famous duchesses were Schneider (the original), Tostee, Aimée, and others.

"The Streets of New York" (sometimes called "The Poor of New York") was brought out at Wallack's Theatre as far back as 1857. In the cast were the elder Sothern, A. H. Davenport and Mrs. Hoey—all names to conjure with in those days. In a sense, it was a Wall Street play, because the rise of curtain shows the office of a banker, who reveals that he has gone broke on the market. And what is more, he is going to abscond. As a matter of fact, the play turns on the panic of 1857. Several good old New York family names are used, among them being Bloodgood and Livingston. Bloodgood loses all his money in the crash, and he and his family are reduced to penury. The scene shown is Union Square. The figure in the foreground is selling the libretto of the opera. Another boy is selling roasted chestnuts. Here is his speech:

"Lord! how cold it is! I can't sell my chestnuts. I thought if I posted myself just here, so as to catch the grand folks as they go to the opera, they might fancy to take in a pocketful to eat during the performance."

SCENES IN "LADY PATRICIA" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Byron, N. Y.

Baldwin
(Ernest Stallard)

Lady Patricia
(Mrs. Fiske)

Act. I. Lady Patricia: "I've always thought, Baldwin, that your futility disguised an unconscious pose"

Sir Michael Cosway
(Leslie Faber)

Lady Patricia
(Mrs. Fiske)

Act. II. Sir Michael: "You see, dear, the planets—how wonderful they are!"

Sir Michael
(Leslie Faber)

Clare
(Maud Gilbert)

Act. II. Sir Michael: "You are so young—so beautiful—so adorable!"

We are not acquainted with the habits of the opera-goers of 1857, but we believe that the chestnut sellers knew as little of society's ways as the author of the play. We have up-to-date evidence in plays of to-day as to that.

"The Corsican Brothers" is a drama from the French of Dumas, by Grange and de Montépin. Associated with the portrayal of the twin brothers, Fabien and Louis dei Franchi, are such famous actors as John Wilkes Booth, Charles Kean, Edwin Eddy, Lawrence Barrett, Sir Henry Irving, James O'Neill and Robert Mantell. Charles Fechter was the original in Paris in 1850. The curious idea about this play is that these brothers came into the world as Siamese twins, and that the scalpel was employed to separate them. But living on, they remain one entity, and, although separated, one feels what the other feels. They have the same body, the same heart, the same soul. The deduction from this is that both fall in love with the same woman. This leads to the tragedy in the play, as shown in our illustration. Our picture is a vision shown to Fabien dei Franchi of the death of his brother Louis in a duel in a clearing in a forest of Fontainebleau. At the end of Act II we see the tableau enacted, and then the scene shifts back to Corsica. It was a fine old romantic play and immensely popular years ago.

"Henry Dunbar" is also one of Tom Taylor's plays, founded upon a novel by Miss Braddon. It has a sub-title, "Or a Daughter's Trial." This gives an inkling to anyone with an imagination of what is coming. In the original cast in London was H. J. Montague, who later emigrated to the States, and who became a famous matinée idol. Miss Kate Terry was also a member of the cast. The piece is what would be called to-day a "crime play." It is full of murderers, burglars, forgers and detectives. Our illustration shows Wentworth, *alias* Wilmot, brought in on a stretcher. He is or was an ex-convict—who held the secret of another man's life, *i. e.*, Henry Dunbar. The latter (who is or was the real forger) returns from India, having made his pile, and is confronted by Wentworth, who intends getting square. What really happens is that Wentworth did kill Dunbar and then assumes his personality, calling himself Dunbar. The latter has a daughter, and so has Wentworth, and all parties to the issue are constantly eluding each other throughout the play. The big scene, or the "punch," as Broadway producers call it, is where Wentworth's daughter, believing it is Dunbar, discovers that it is her own father, and that he killed in a quarrel the real Dunbar.

And here is our old friend, "Camille," not the Sarah Bernhardt variety, but rather a healthy and substantial-looking person. Not at all consumptive looking and wearing a crinoline. This is the scene where Armand denounces his mistress for her mercenary perfidy, and scornfully throws at her the money he has just won at play.

"Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" is a play from Octave Feuillet's novel put into English by Pierrepont Edwards and Lester Wallack. In spite of its old-fashioned sentiment, it remains a fine play. Just recall some of the old favorites in its first New York cast: Messrs. Wallack, Brougham, Walcot, Dyott and Baker; Mesdames Vernon, Hoey, Gannon, Walcot and Reeves. To-day this would be called "an all-star cast." The picture shown is where Marguerite Laroque (Mrs. Hoey) and Manuel Marquis de Champcey (Lester Wallack) meet in the tower of an old ruin. When they start to leave they find the door locked. Night is falling, and the Marquis, to save the lady's honor, jumps from the tower. Do not, gentle reader, turn your eyes away in horror. The actor fell very comfortably upon a pile of mattresses, placed there by an obliging stage manager, and lived to marry the lady at the end of the play. From the jump he is taking he might be likened to a "bird-man."

"Griffith Gaunt" is the Wilkie Collins novel made into a play by the late Augustin Daly. Jealousy is the key-note to the plot. You will notice that one gentleman is stamping on another gentleman's stomach. If it happened just after dinner the consequences might have been fatal. Gaunt is jealous of Brother Leonard, a priest, and finds the good brother with Kate in what he thinks is sweet converse. But we cannot do better than to give the text of the scene:

GAUNT (*Pushing Kate and Leonard apart*): "You vile wretch! So you buy your own dishonor and mine! (*He raises his hand at her; she does not wince.*) But for my oath, I'd lay you dead at my feet; but I'll not hang for a wanton. So this is the thing you love and pay to love you. (*Gaunt tears purse from Leonard's hands and* (*Continued on page vi*)

To Otis Skinner in "Kismet"

What a fiendish, gloating villain,
Full of wild and wondrous schemes
Like a figure of our fancy,
Like a strange, exotic dream.

Here's to Hajj, the King of Romance
Eastern passion in your heart;
Here's to *you* that brings before us
All the richness of your art.

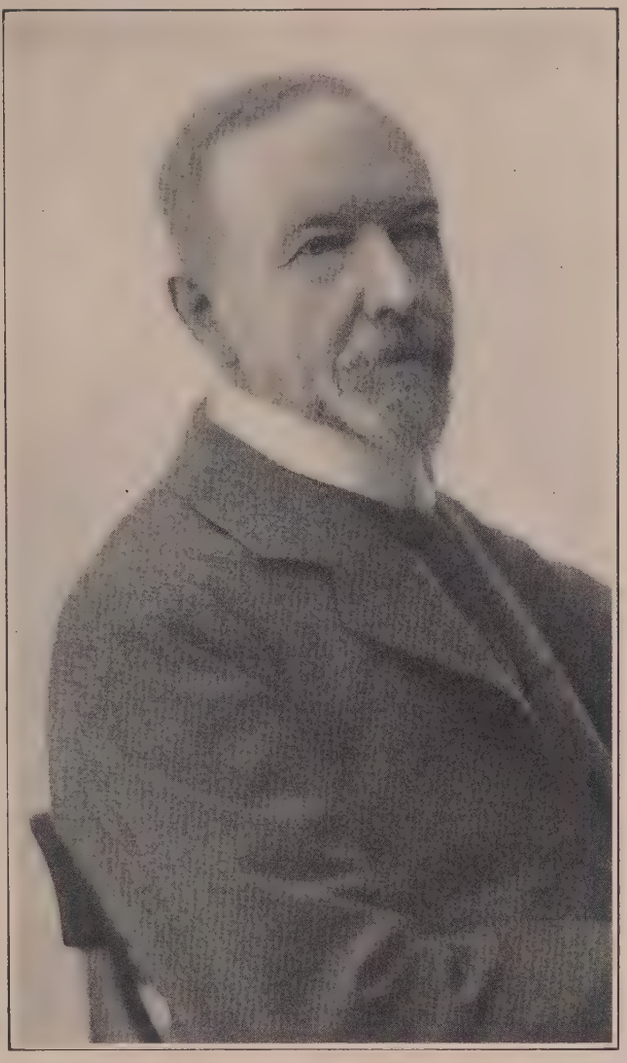
D. M.

White

GERTRUDE ELLIOT IN ROI COOPER MEGRUE'S DRAMATIZATION OF DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' NOVEL, "WHITE MAGIC"

A VETERAN DRAMATIST ON PLAY MAKING

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the well-known English dramatist and author of "The Middleman," "The Liars," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and, incidentally, "Lydia Gilmore," in which Margaret Anglin recently appeared, does not entertain the supercilious disdain of most Englishmen for American interviewers, for, when the present writer called to see him, he submitted graciously enough to the ordeal.



HENRY ARTHUR JONES

I found him a man past middle age, small and slight in physique, and very English, although not exaggeratedly so, in both manner and accent, with sandy hair and close-cropped beard to match, and blue eyes—of course. Later I noticed that when he becomes enthusiastic, as he frequently does, his complexion has a curious fashion of lighting up, as it were, like his eyes.

"One of the chief reasons I had for giving 'Lydia Gilmore' an American *première*," he said, "was to have Miss Anglin create the title part. I cannot say that I had her definitely in mind when I conceived the rôle—or anybody else, for that matter. But when the story had taken definite shape, and before I had begun to write it, in casting about for an actress, I thought of Miss Anglin. By happy chance, she was in England at the time, and when she heard the outline of the story she was delighted, and accepted it at once. Then, too, she had done such excellent work as 'Mrs. Dane' that I felt especially grateful and knew that we might expect her interpretation of 'Lydia' would be a fine one. Indeed, I am very happy to be associated with Miss Anglin; she is a charming woman, very sympathetic and sincere, while as an actress, in her equally able rendering of either tragedy or comedy, I put her beside our Mrs. Kendal.

"Personally, I never allow myself to feel doubtful after rehearsals have been commenced. It is too late then to entertain anything like uncertainty—the time for that is when the piece is in the making. If I find while writing a play that I cannot get what I want, I stop short, put it into a drawer, or the fire, as the case may be. Perhaps I should have adopted such heroic measures with 'Lydia Gilmore.' I am sorry the play did not please the public. We must hope for better luck next time."

"Are you a painstaking worker, or a quick, impressionistic one?"

"That depends. In some scenes my method, I suppose, is, as you suggested, impressionistic. But as the time goes on I take more pains, especially in correlating the plot. This I always lay out very minutely before I begin to write.

"How do I get my 'stories'? Sometimes out of the papers, Sometimes out of something I happen to hear; oftenest just out of my head. But neither theme, characters nor situation, however clear-cut alone, makes a play, not by any means. The idea is formed, or, rather, suggests itself, and is put away, remaining in the subconscious field and undergoing, I suppose, just the same sort of process that happens in a dream, until it appears, perhaps suddenly, in well-rounded enough shape to start work on. After that, it is entirely a matter of conscious and voluntary action. For instance, the third act of 'The Liars' came entirely as a whole—as a complete concept that needed no additional synthesis; the mechanical putting together, of course, I except.

"I try to know my characters thoroughly before I make them talk and act; play-writing, in fact, demands more constructive power than any other art. Architecture is nine-tenths of dramatic composition, characterization and the other elements constituting the remaining nine-tenths. Don't be alarmed; it requires fully eighteen-tenths to make a play.

"The scenario I have found of great preliminary assistance; I generally carry it in my head, but when working always have before me an outline jotted down before the start is made on a new act or scene. 'Lydia Gilmore' has four acts.

"Fourth acts are the *bêtes noires* of the playwright. It takes mighty careful handling to make them successful. Neither the English nor the American public to-day cares much for the tragedy of real life, and has to be coaxed before even serious drama is accepted. You see, we dramatists have ever before us that bogey, 'the tired business man.'

"Despite my realization of this fact, I made 'Lydia Gilmore' quite serious, and possibly this had something to do with the failure of the piece. When one is writing sheer tragedy, one can go straight ahead to a smashing end, whereas if one is working up to a happy ending, one must slow down constantly. I thought the play had the proper, the logical ending. At least, it is an ending in which I endeavored to avoid anything like a forced effect."

What sort of life should a present-day dramatist depict; should he stick to contemporaneous men and events, or should he go to the past or look ahead for his subjects and is types? Your own experience will, no doubt, enable you to answer these questions.

"A playwright should by all means deal with the life he knows, and nothing else," came the quick reply. "His own national life, I mean, and that of his own time. Nor should the fleeting absurdities, the fads, of the moment be taken as material. Because in ten years they will stamp a play old fashioned. A dramatist should paint local character as he sees and knows it—the life that throbs at his elbow—and if he gets down to the heart of that, what he does will necessarily be permanent and universal, so that anyone coming to his play in the future, no matter how remote, will find it a faithful picture—a picture of human nature,

White THE CABARET SCENE IN "OVER THE RIVER," SHOWING MONSIEUR MAURICE AND MLLE. MADELINE D'HARVILLE IN THEIR EXTRAVAGANT DANCE, THE GRIZZLY BEAR, THE TURKEY TROT, ETC.

true to human nature at all times. Shakespeare did not attempt to represent the Romans of Cæsar's time when he wrote a Roman mob-scene. He simply did an Elizabethan mob, and by doing that as he knew it, he showed human characteristics and drew thereby the universal aspect of a mob."

"And how about form? What chance has the poetic drama, for example, in this day and generation?"

"The supreme works, of course, will always be in poetry; but, nevertheless, I do not think that this age is suitable for such drama—admitting always the possible advent of the genius. Life both in your country and mine is too hurried to take readily to poetry, especially on the stage. While it is doubtless trite to say that this is a prosaic age, it is, for all that, a truism that cannot be disregarded; I am even of the opinion that blank verse is as hazardous as any other metrical form."

"And the American drama—to be? Is this land a rich and fruitful one for the inspiration of great plays? What are the prospects of a national school from your British viewpoint?"

All of these at once, and they were received with a smile. "Certainly there is a field here, and a big one," was the reply, given with great assurance. "Your new civilization may produce a new drama—in truth, I think it is on the way. And I mean, further, drama as distinctive as the Elizabethan, and in as marked contrast to other schools as that was to the ancient Greek. No one can describe either the American character or the American life as well, or as absolutely, as an American. I mean that an author has to have the comprehension of the people he selects, that is possible only through his association with them as fellow-countrymen before he can make them big, vital figures in a play. He must, so to speak, be bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. To save my life, I could not draw an American properly. As soon as I get an idea for a play, immediately I fix the locale in England, with an entourage of English landscape and custom, which is, after all, perhaps merely a matter of apprehension—of interpretation in the terms I am most familiar with."

Mr. Jones has been for some time a ringleader in the English movement against play censorship, and when the matter was broached to him, he fired up immediately, complexion and all.

"It is one of the most absurd of modern institutions, this thing of having an individual say what shall, and shall not, be produced on the stage," he declared with much vigor. "If a censor could be present at all the plays he passes upon, to see just what is improper and what proper; or, if he were a person infallible in his judgment as to what is moral, there might be, possibly, some reason or excuse for his existence.

"But where is such a man? Decency should be the test, for it takes only ordinary qualifications, commonplace intelligence, to detect that. When a play is indecent, let the police come in and shut it up. But where morality is concerned, it is another question. Who can tell what is moral or otherwise? No man has the right to assume such a position. Why, the very mention of the plays the Lord Chamberlain condemns is sufficient to condemn him. Just think that such things as the 'Oedipus,' Shelly's 'Cenci,' Maeterlinck's 'Monna Vanna' and Ibsen's 'Ghosts' are forbidden on the English stage, and that these are only a few from a long list of noble dramas. Isn't it preposterous? But I think a change is coming, and I am hopeful that it will not be long before we, in England, will be rid of that incubus of dramatic art—the censor."

"Won't you tell me something about your early life, and how you got into play writing?"

"Well, I seemed to drift into writing naturally. I think I was about fourteen when I did my first play—a masterpiece that, of course, never had a chance to become a success—and curiously, I had never seen inside a theatre when the feat was accomplished. In fact, I was forbidden the theatre as positively as I was cards and dancing, my parents having been strict Calvinists. But, do you know, I would not have my early training changed for anything in the world. It was fine discipline, and then"—this with a twinkle—"think what material I gained, and how satisfactorily I have been able to 'get back' at some of the customs I was forced to bow to. My first success was the 'Silver King' in 1882, and since then I have been getting along pretty well."

Mr. Jones is accompanied on his American trip by his daughter, Miss Winifred Arthur Jones (Mrs. Leslie Faber), a lovely young woman, who has created a favorable impression on the English stage, and whose first American appearances were made in "Lydia Gilmore."

WARREN WILMER BROWN.

Photo Moffett
MARGARET MORELAND
Leading woman with Nat. C. Goodwin in a vaudeville sketch

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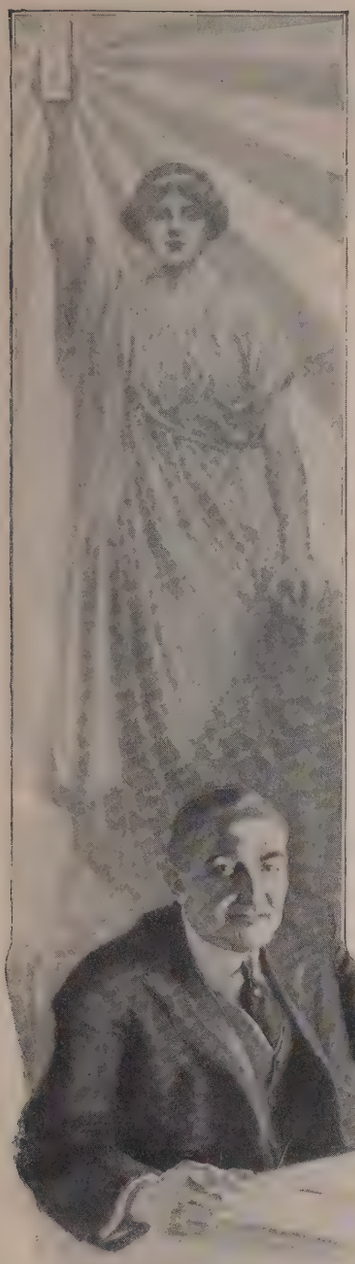

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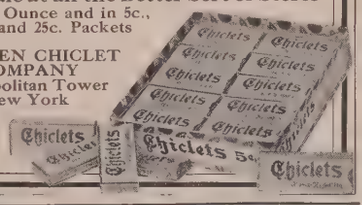
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PLAYS OF YESTERDAY

(*Continued from page* 134)

catches him by the throat.)

KATE (*on her knees*): "Oh, mercy! mercy! It is all a mistake!"

GAUNT (*spurning her*): "Don't touch me—woman! (*Dashes Leonard to the ground.*) Now, beautiful wanton, love, if you can love, the thing you have seen me trample on." (*Tramples on Leonard.*)

KATE: "Mercy!"

GAUNT: "Not in this world or the next! (*About to strike.*) God! I must go or kill! Live, and be cursed forever!" (*Slow music. Griffith rushes off. Leonard insensible on ground. Kate faints.*)

And would you believe it, at the end of the play Kate is going to marry Griffith Gaunt? Is anyone willing to bet that he will be at her?

"The Child Stealer" was an old "thriller." The scene shown is where the hero is let down by a trap, sprung to kill him, and the comedian, also a sailor, dives after and rescues him. Mr. Gordon Edwards, stage manager at the Academy of Music, has played both parts, but affirms that having the "trap" suddenly go from under one's feet and be precipitated into the dark takes some nerve.

"The Black Crook" was the first of the Amazonian March plays done by Pauline Markham and her British blondes. "Humpty Dumpty" was made famous by George L. Fox and Tony Denier.

"The Sea of Ice" was a "thriller" in which the Russian hero and heroine meet with extraordinary adventures while escaping on the ice floes from the Czar's cossacks.

"The Colleen Bawn" is generally estimated to be Dion Boucicault's best play. In the scene shown there is no lack of action. Myles Na Coppaleen is what they call in the South a "moonshiner." He swings across from rock to rock to reach his distillery. Enter Danny Mann and Eily O'Connor. Danny wants a certain paper Eily has concealed in her bosom, which she refuses to yield to him, whereupon he pushes her off into the lake below—a tremendously sensational scene. Myles, seeing something moving on the other side, fires at what he supposes to be an otter. Mann falls and rolls from rock into the water. Myles discovers Eily in the water and rescues his sweetheart. Eily is pushed into the water, Dan falls into it and Myles jumps into it. What a splash! In the original cast at Laura Keene's Theatre, March 27, 1860, were Boucicault himself as Myles, Laura Keene as Eily and Madame Pomisi as Mrs. Cregan. Others were Chas. Wheatleigh, Chas. Fischer and Gustavus Levick.

Of all these old plays not one lives, except occasionally a stock company manager puts it on to avoid paying royalty in what he knows is to be a week of bad business. And how crude and primitive are the wood cuts! Those were not the days of flash-lights, nor art-posters. But in their time they filled theatres, pleased the public, made famous the actors and, let us hope, enriched the managers and authors.

—— HARRY P. MAWSON.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans Dead

Mrs. Annie Yeamans, one of the oldest and best known actresses on the American stage, died on March 3d last. She was born on the Isle of Man in 1835, and made her first stage appearance in Australia. When she was eighteen she married Edward Yeamans, the clown. In 1865 they came to America and Mrs. Yeamans joined a stock company in Brooklyn, where she attracted the attention of Augustin Daly, who engaged her for the Grand Opera House, New York. Shortly afterwards she joined forces with Harrigan and Hart, appearing in the Irish-American rôles for which she was famous.

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A Modern Master Betty

(Continued from page 118)

third acts, I know that I was utterly oblivious of it—he became beautiful then. His voice and articulation, perhaps also his pronunciation, were not all one might desire—but this is becoming captious. Beside Mr. Warfield's forced laugh and tiresome twitching of the lower lip, the sincere, spontaneous impersonation by Master Helton was indeed a rare delight.

The future of this "infant Roscius" may not, however, be very clearly foreshadowed by his present phenomenal success. John Howard Payne and Thomas Burke won remarkable triumphs as boy players, but in man's estate they were not actors at all, the former became known as a playwright (and is now remembered for one song), and the latter as a violinist.

Master Betty, the English prodigy, made his début on the stage at the age of twelve. His brief career as a boy actor is unparalled in the history of the theatre. Parliament, it is recorded, adjourned, to see him play Hamlet at Drury Lane. No higher compliment than that, Laurence Hutton once said, "could have been paid by England to mortal man." But in maturity Betty was accounted a very inferior player. And when he died, at the age of eighty-three, he had been comparatively forgotten for almost half a century.

When Miss Leclercq appeared at the French Theatre on Fourteenth Street, in Tom Taylor's "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," the part of Sibyl was taken by "little Minnie Maddern," then but four and a half years old. "Her knowledge of stage-business," wrote Hutton, "her general carriage, and the careful delivery of her lines throughout the play were remarkable for a child of her years; and hers was considered one of the most satisfactory representations in the piece." A few years later, at Booth's Theatre, she surprised New York again, when she personated Arthur in "King John."

With the careers of Mrs. Fiske and Josef Hofmann before us, we may perhaps now, indulge ourselves with the prospect of possessing another Mansfield within a score or so of years.

ARTHUR SWAN.

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THREE NEW CARUSO RECORDS—Canta pe' me, *Neapolitan Song,* Bovio-de Curtis; Bohême, (*Marcello's Air, Act II,*) Leoncavallo; Elisir d'amore, Donizetti.

The new Caruso records are delightful ones—another beautiful Neapolitan song; a second air from Leoncavallo's *Bohême,* which will be eagerly welcomed by those who have heard the *Bohême* air from Act III; and the lovely romanza, *Una furtiva lagrima,* which has always been the most famous of the Caruso records, his exquisite singing of this beautiful number being something to be long remembered. It is now issued for the first time with orchestral accompaniment.

Arthur Nikisch, who will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra on a concert tour of the United States, beginning April 8 next, is insured for $200,000 against accident or death by his American managers during a period of thirty days.

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GERALDINE FARRAR

(*Continued from page* 122)

way?' she insisted.

"'Why, yes, why not?'

"So that afternoon the intendant came and I sang for him. As soon as I had finished he offered me an engagement. I was flabbergasted, thinking for a moment he was joking, for I could not believe that I was ready for the Royal Opera in Berlin. We all went home to talk it over, and my mother said that it would be a fine experience, no matter how it came out; so I accepted, and it was decided that I should make my début in "Faust."

"At that time I hardly knew a word of German, was scared to death every time I went out for fear I would get lost and never get home again, because I could not make people understand where I lived when I spoke the street and number, so how was I to sing in a German Opera house? But the intendant said that I could make my début in Italian, and have a reasonable time, say two years, to perfect myself in the language. I knew well that I was only fitted for the French and Italian operas, and the intendant was to let me sing only the things I was suited to, which is not always the case. You see, I came at a fortunate moment, for the Royal Opera was in a rut and very much in need of a novelty, so it was just possible I might be the one. In any case, the intendant was not to pay me enough to break the Royal Treasury if I failed.

"When I went down to the first rehearsal they thought I was crazy, and I knew they were. Everything on that stage in those days had been worked out to a system that was maddening. You had to stand exactly on one spot, then so many steps to the right, do precisely such a thing at such a moment, and never move so much as an eyelash unless it had been previously passed on by the Royal commission. Well, none of that for me! How was I to know what I should wish to do when the time came? So we had it out then and there, whereupon they threw up their hands, saying that the crazy American would only last one performance, so there was no use bothering. They had stock costumes for the artists, with Marguerite's gowns made big enough, with seams turned in a half a yard so they could be let out or tucked in to suit anybody up to two hundred and fifty pounds. So I went to the intendant, who was by that time frightened to death of me, not knowing what kind of a wild animal he had to deal with, telling him that I must have individual costumes and be permitted to pick them out for myself. He would have promised me anything so long as I did not bite him, and they all waited with fear and trembling for the bomb to explode. That was ten years ago the 15th of last October, when I was eighteen years old. I am still a member of the Royal Opera of Berlin, from which I have to ask leave of absence each year when I wish to come to America.

"The night of my first appearance does not stand out particularly in my recollection. I was too young to have any fear, for it was all a great joke to me, for I never thought I was ready for any such appearance, but if they wanted me to try, I was willing. The night that does stand out was when I made my first appearance at Monte Carlo, not at the card tables, but at the opera. It happened that Caruso was to make his first appearance there on the same night, and I had never heard him sing. The opera was Puccini's 'Bohème,' and at the rehearsals he had only hummed the leads, so I had really no idea what he sounded like. As you know, in that first scene I am sitting in a chair half turned from the audience, with a darkened stage, when he begins his aria. As he began to pour out that gorgeous flood of tone I simply lost all sense of where I was. Bit by bit I turned until my back was squarely to the audience, just gazing at him, while that voice of his caught me up and carried me off I knew not where, only to some place I had never been before.

"At last there gradually came over me a horrible sense of silence, as though I was alone in a great wilderness, and I glanced around, when my eye fell on little Vigna, the conductor, who was fairly dancing up and down on the stand, shaking his fist at me. 'Why don't you sing? It's your turn,' he yelled. The orchestra had stopped, everything had stopped. But finally I got my bearings and started in with a feeble little peep, sounding so wee and quavery that it was pitiful. It made me feel sorry for myself. But all of a sudden I woke up to the fact that I was part of the performance, and that if Caruso had sung like that it was distinctly up to me to do something, so I went at it with all there was in me.

KARLTON HACKETT.

ELENA GERHARDT

(*Continued from page* 119)

Elena Gerhardt that followed.

The triste air of the old town and its impressions, together with her temperament, made sad songs to her the most congenial; joyous ones seemed outside her life. She wept when she was forced to sing them. To-day, when she gives Brahms' "Der Schmied," a woman's song of joyous pride in the strength of her blacksmith lover, whose crashing strokes at the anvil fill the street and square, one knows that she has triumphed over a singleness of mood. But, again, to hear her in the same composer's "Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer," the harrowing tragedy of a woman vainly waiting, when even sleep becomes a thin veil against reality, and dreams bring the fancy that he is there with none to let him in, there springs firm knowledge of the depths that one may pierce, the tender insight that one may develop through calm, ideal surroundings where joy itself never reaches beyond an Indian Summer of mellowness.

It is a custom at the Leipzig Conservatory that every aspirant named for appearance in a Pupil's Concert must prove his or her ability before the Director, who, in those days, happened to be Arthur Nikisch, the most adored of German conductors. Three songs of Brahms' Elema Gerhardt brought with her, along with the expectant Hedmondt. The girl began without a trace of nervousness, for (and she now smiles when she tells it), "I love so to sing that I thought every one would be pleased to hear me." Nikisch evidently agreed. "You sing so charmingly that I will play your accompaniments myself," was his comment when that first lied ended. To-day he keeps the printed notes of it as a souvenir. All Leipzig took the same artistic interest in her; it looked on the gradual unfolding of her talent as does an ardent lover of orchids on the blossoming of some rare variety. That spirit of enthusiastic sympathy intensified her oneness with surroundings.

Finally, she asked of Nikisch, "Do you think that I can give my own concert?" and he returned as characteristic query, "Who will give it if you do not?" When she asked of him advice in choice of an accompanist, he smiled and said, "Won't you have me?" All that had preceded, the intimate interest of those in her daily life had seemed a natural thing, but now, on the threshold of proving herself professionally, to have the foremost conductor of Germany elevate her to his artistic level through such request, had a profound, unawaited meaning. The singer went home with mixed feelings, uncertain as to whether or not he had spoken in fun, it seemed too big a thing to loom as fact on her horizon. All of ten days and nights it took her to get up courage to put her doubts to rest by going again to see him. Of extraneous details of the visit Elena Gerhardt said, "It was a beautiful day, and my cheeks were fiery red." When she stood in the presence of Nikisch, he, seeing her girlish uncertainty, the questioning in her blue eyes, her scarlet cheeks, saved her all words by declaring promptly, "I know why you come, to remind me of my promise. Let me look up a free day?"

By odd, delightful coincidence, November eleventh, her twentieth birthday, was chosen for the début; Wollgandt, concert-meister of the Gewandhaus orchestra, and son-in-law of Nikisch, being selected to assist. All Leipzig was present, for it became a kind of musical christening of one of their very own. None there realized that night, perhaps, that it was the last time that they might call her so, for it meant the opening of the door of flight.

After an appearance with the Gewandhaus orchestra, she sang in Hamburg with the Philharmonic of Berlin, and presently in Berlin itself, where to-day people crowd up to the platform at the concert's close, and call by name to her for this lied or that, favorites which they refuse to go home without once more hearing. Six years ago she went to London, with a result that has brought her back annually for ten weeks each spring and summer, and to sing throughout Great Britain. During King Edward's reign, she sang in private to Queen Alexandra, who came after each group of lieder to speak with her; she has sung before the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the reigning one; Vienna, Moscow, Milan, Paris and Buda Pesth are among the cities she visited long before she came to us. At Buda Pesth it was that enthusiasts, reaching across the foot-lights, held her gown fast, keeping her by force for encores when the regular programme ended.

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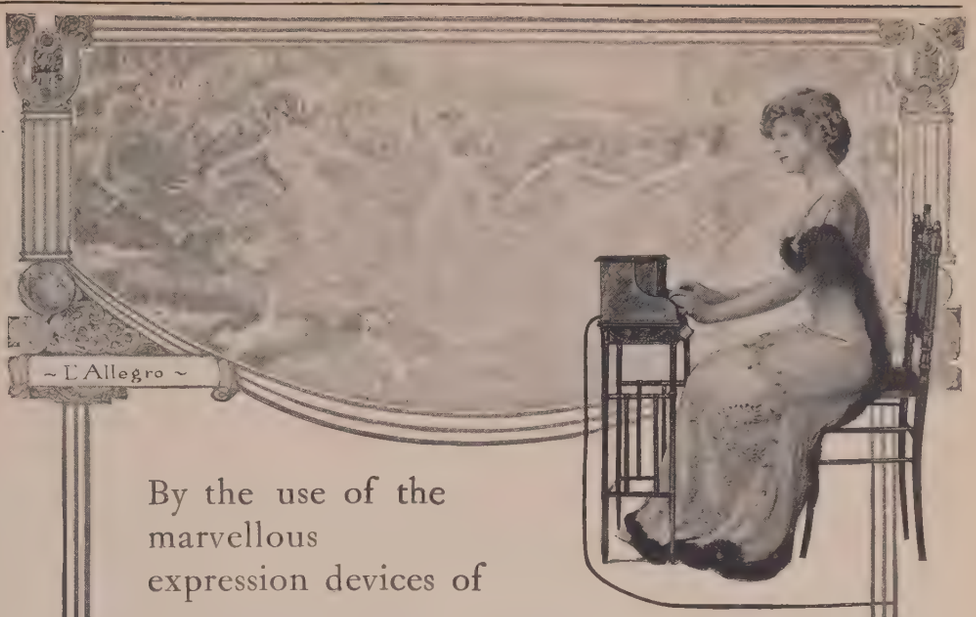

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WEBER AND FIELDS

(*Continued from page* 116)

"Lines and situations," replied Lew Fields.

"Make-up," replied Joe Weber.

"Make-up is good for an entrance. It gets a laugh when you come on, and that's a good beginning," protested the tall partner. "After that you must work."

"But it's a help," insisted the small one. "When I go on the street people say, 'But that can't be Weber. He's a fat man.' It's good business."

"Lew" Fields shook his head. "We never argue," he said.

"Not about the comedy of a situation?"

"We may differ at the beginning, but we always settle it by saying, 'Well, let's try it.'"

"Nor about the music?"

"No."

"Nor about the principals to be engaged?"

"No," said Lew Fields.

"Nor about whether the girls one selects for the chorus are pretty enough?"

"We never bother about the chorus girls. At most they are a back drop," said "Lew" Fields.

"The stage manager chooses them," said "Joe" Weber.

"We never bother about the girls; we have our own girls at home," said the first.

"But we do care whether they are a hard-working chorus," said the second.

"We always agree on everything that is of any importance," said one.

"Ever since we went to see Tony Pastor at seven—because some comedian had told us he went to his office at seven in the morning—and waited until half-past ten."

"Harry Miner, too—we went to see him at seven."

"And waited until eleven."

"Fay Templeton is a great burlesquer. So is Willie Collier and Ada Lewis."

The junior reverted to the subject of burlesque. "And David Warfield is wonderful. Lillian Russell has a great sense of humor. But burlesque involves make-up, and it is a shame to spoil a beautiful picture."

The hands of the clock had swept around to half-past one. The partners got into their overcoats, making ready to depart to their crowded little dressing room downstairs, where the short partner dresses before the lower half of the mirror and the long one stands behind him and, looking into the same looking-glass, makes up over his shoulder, while Miss Russell, Miss Templeton and others are sumptuously quartered.

"Our motto is, 'We'll take what's left,'" said "Lew" Fields.

"No, it's 'Well, let's try it,'" said "Joe" Weber.

"I asked the pair who have created something new in the theatrical world, and whose success has been unparalleled, the secret of that success.

"It's work and keeping up-to-date," "Lew" Fields spoke first.

"It's work and giving them something new." This from "Joe" Weber.

The junior member with two long strides crossed the room and opened the door. The senior stood his ground, but with a gracious bow.

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JOHN W. RUMSEY, President.

A benefit given by the Twelfth Night Club for the Stony Wold Sanitarium took place at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday afternoon, March 18 last.

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 108)

life is thus easily conveyed. We see her exchanging vows with her youthful, platonic lover, whose sincerity, however, is denied by his slangyness, vagueness of expression and obvious playing of a part. The husband has a platonic love affair, he, too, imagining himself to be harmlessly in love with a younger person. The younger people, of course, finally come together.

Mrs. Fiske in this last act saves herself beautifully. Her performance is a delicious expression of sentimentality brought to its senses. She is not altogether willing to throw over her part, and it is a brave struggle she makes before yielding to common sense.

The performance and the production were all that could be required for a play so exacting in these particulars. The old Gardener, as played by Ernest Stallard, furnished fitting comedy.

FULTON. "THE TYPHOON." Play in three acts by Menyhert Lengyel. Produced March 11.

Here is a play worth seeing, a drama with the genuine thrill, a cyclonic tragedy that stirs you to your very depths, a play so powerful, so absorbing and interesting that at the end the spectator, like the unhappy Tokeramo, the Japanese hero, is left in a condition bordering on mental collapse. No one should fail to go to see this remarkable play, which, for sheer novelty, strength of situations, interest of dialogue, cleverness of acting, stands out above almost every other production of the present season.

Tokeramo, a choice product of the Japanese government, played by Walker Whiteside, is refined and aristocratic in appearance. Upon his learning and zeal depend the success of one of a most important undertaking. Exactly what that scheme is is indefinite, but it seems to concern the translation of a philosophical work by a German professor, who has just completed it after forty years of toil, and as lent the manuscript to one of this *coterie* of Japanese. The professor's manuscript is not returned when called for, but it is kept so that it might be translated by Tokeramo. In the meanwhile he falls in love with Illona, a young woman of Berlin of easy morals. She is playing a game with him. To gratify her vanity she has set out to draw from the impassive young aristocrat a declaration of passion. Alone in the room with him, she does master him, and after he has passionately embraced her, and forgotten his duty to Japan, she taunts him with her victory and real purpose, whereupon in a burst of primitive savagery, he chokes her to death.

Quickly he summons his Japanese friends and tells them all. He is willing to die for his crime, but it is determined by the wise old leader that Tokeramo, whose work is still unfinished, is too important to Japan to be permitted to suffer. They have no feeling in the matter other than that of patriotism. A substitute is called for. All eagerly respond, and a volunteer is selected. Tokeramo escapes trial, and is found at his desk dead from over-exhaustion through work. He had died a martyr to the cause.

Mr. Walker Whiteside played a very unusual part uncommonly well. It required constant repression, with such outbursts of passion and ferocity and feeling as were not inconsistent with the character. He did it with very great artistic discretion. Malcolm Williams, as a dissolute artist, who was jilted by the faithless Illona, and, in consequence became a moral wreck, gave a splendid performance. Henry Bergman, as the wise old leader, emphasized the character in appearance and manner.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "OLIVER TWIST." Play in five acts, founded on Charles Dickens' story by J. Comyns Carr. Produced February 26.

Mr. Comyns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist" gets as far as possible away from the crude arrangements of scenes which served to bring into fame many actors of real genius of a generation or two ago. The spirit of this version is not that of the old one. It cannot be said that the characters are not as true to Dickens. The play is certainly less brutal, and many of the old familiar scenes, and some of them not at all offensive, have been dropped. The play is now more domestic, and is very busy with all that concerns Oliver's parentage and the effort to get him secure in the harbor of home. It is true we have Fagin's den, the scene of his school for young thieves, Nancy and her pathetic relations to Bill Sikes, many scenes of the old version, and all the characters, with others added, but the tone of the play is distinctly different. Dickens is hard to dramatize, and it cannot be said that Mr. Comyns Carr has done much more than give an agreeable series of pictures.

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Th. 4

Mr. Nat Goodwin, as Fagin, excited interest in his venture at once. That the comedian could successfully undertake a character part of the kind was not doubted. It was only a question of how well he could do it. He played it with grim humor where required, and with denotements of character, with a wide range of expression, that were remarkable. His last scene, the one closing the play, was inartistic and a matter of authorship, but it was carried out with painstaking skill by Mr. Goodwin, who made it artistic and effective in detail, but the artistic fault in the conception of the scene, as a scene, was fatal. The action was over. Fagin groaned on his couch, tortured by visions of his evil life, and when he rises in his delirium to affect his escape, he is met at the door by a figure in black —Death. Miss Marie Doro, as Oliver, was the gentle figure that Dickens had in mind. Miss Collier, as Nancy Sikes, was pathetic enough, even degraded, the slave of a cruel master, but she contributed to the better tone of the play by her subdued acting. Mr. Lyn Harding was also less brutal than the Sikes we have known, but he was brutal enough, giving the impression of his nature without turbulence. Mr. Fuller Mellish gave a delightful performance of Mr. Grimwig.

DALY'S. "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." Romantic comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland. Produced March 11.

Monsieur Beaucaire as a story started Booth Tarkington flourishingly off on his literary career. Made into a play by the author and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, it served the late Richard Mansfield to his popular and pecuniary profit. In England it did still more for Lewis Waller, for his faithful public liked it so much that he was compelled to act the royal prince of the House of Orleans some eight hundred odd times. That the local public might have a further line on his histrionic skill than that which he evidenced as Boris, the renegade monk in "The Garden of Allah, Mr. Waller has made a revival of the Georgian comedy and staged it with elaborate richness at Daly's Theatre.

The cast is a long one, competent throughout. Frank Woolfe makes a saturnine Duke of Winterset, and his friend and ally, Capt. Badger, the professional duellist, is well handled by Rupert Julian. The bumptious tediousness of Beau Nash is nicely sketched by Henry Carvill, and a very finished picture of Mr. Bicksett, a first cousin of Mr. Benjamin Backbite, is contributed by Herbert Ayling. Henry Stanford is gallant and dashing as the Duke's English guardian, while his faithful servitor, Francois, and the Marquis de Mirpoix are doubled by Vincent Sternroyd, who is as sympathetically faithful in the one rôle as he is finished and artistic in the other. To play Lady Mary Carlyle, the toast of Bath, Miss Grace Lane comes all the way from England.

CASINO. "BARON TRENCK." Comic opera in two acts; music by Felix Albini; English version by Henry Blossom; lyrics by Frederick F. Schrader. Produced March 11.

"Baron Trenck" is one of Nature's noblemen, provided one has the point of view that considers bluster and conceit necessary to the condition. After all, the main qualification necessary to become an operetta hero is the ability to wear a dainty moustache, in combination with a brave uniform upon a manly bosom. Baron Trenck, having become notorious through his escapades, is ordered by his Queen to marry within the year. Trenck saves the Countess Lydia, who is traveling *incognito*, and falls in love with her. She returns to the Court, having been ordered by the Queen to wed the aged and decrepit French ambassador, whom she naturally does not love. Trenck has not married in the meanwhile, because he has found but one whom he can love; and he has lost her. A lottery is held at Court for the ladies, and Trenck is put up as prize, the conditions being that he shall marry the one who draws the winning number. Lydia draws it, so the Queen releases her from her obligation to wed the ambassador, and the lovers are happily united. The music is vastly more pleasing than the rather dull libretto. The principals are generally capable, and the girls are pretty, as well as animated. The title rôle is taken by Fritz Sturmfels, who is still a little too foreign in his speech, too jerky and mechanical in his acting, and a little too insincere to touch American audiences. Little John Slavin, as Nikola, is a genuine comedian, and makes his part entertaining if its importance is not fully justified. Blanche Duffield as Countess Lydia has distinction and a very sweet voice, with plenty of power masterfully controlled; she is lovable, too, and the audience is not slow to appreciate it.

DALY'S. "THE FATTED CALF." Comedy in three acts by Arthur Hopkins. Produced February 19.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

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"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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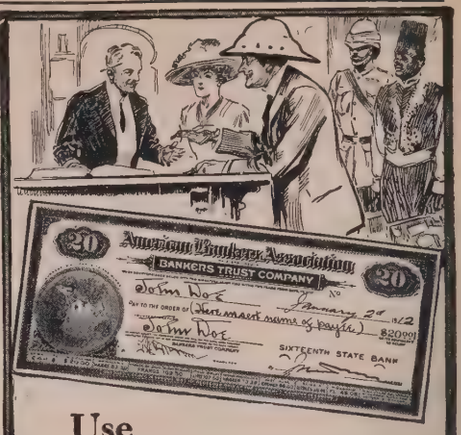

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LYCEUM THEATRE. "PRESERVING MR. PANMURE." Comedy in four acts by Arthur Pinero. Produced February 27.

So expert is he in craftsmanship, so skilled in character delineation, and so deft in the composition of witty vital dialogue, that Sir Arthur Pinero, even when not at his best, is always entertaining. Mr. Panmure is an oily materialist. He is also a hypocrite, and once a week, at his saintly wife's request, delivers a sermonette to the house guests and the servants. Josepha Quarendon, governess to his very precocious child, helps him out in this task when his ideas refuse to flow, and out of gratitude, as he expresses it, kisses her. Indignant, for she loves the wife, who is a friend as well as an employer, Josepha seeks advice from Mrs. Hebblethwaite, Mrs. Panmure's aunt, stating a suppositious case. Mrs. Hebblethwaite suspects that Josepha is the real principal, and, as the pretty and attractive governess is a great favorite with the men, each woman in the household suspects her husband or lover, and the search for the truth, which follows, gives Mr. Panmure some awkward moments.

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Ibsen used paretic decay as a dramatic theme, and, in the vernacular of the day, got away with it. Avery Hopkins has taken a less advanced stage of neurotic debility as a theatrical subject, and has not put it across. As "The Fatted Calf," produced at Daly's, lasted less than a week, it is simply a waste of time and space to devote detailed critical attention to the piece. To prove a woman's hallucinations, based upon a very feeble neurasthenic possibility, are false, and that her brother comes up to the eugenic standards that his fiancée has set up do not make for either inspiriting drama or uproarious farce. That is about all there is to "The Fatted Calf."

BIJOU. "The Truth Wagon." Play in three acts by Hayden Talbot. Produced February 26.

"The Truth Wagon" is a Morosco production, and comes to us, with its author, Hayden Talbot, from the West. Los Angeles has of late become a center of theatrical activity, Mr. Oliver Morosco taking the initiative, at his theatre, with many new and untried plays. He has sent us a few failures, but they have always had in them something of detached, but marked value even in such plays. In other words, he is a stage-manager who understands values and effects. "The Truth Wagon" is a good example of his work. It entertains at all costs. On the programme it is called "a laugh vehicle." This does not indicate a very high purpose, but it is a practical one. Its action revolves around politics, and the young newspaper man who has undertaken to tell the truth in his newspaper, on all occasions, encounters in several spirited scenes the Boss, who smilingly expects to dispose of him with a suggestion or two, and defeats him all along the line. Mr. Max Figman, as the young newspaper editor, plays his part in the comedy spirit, and perhaps does the best work of his career. According to the nature of the piece, there are many character bits in it, Sammy, the office boy, played by Georgie Mack, being notably true to an almost impossible type.

ASTOR. "The Greyhound." Melodrama in four acts by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. Produced February 29.

This is lurid melodrama with a vengeance, a play of the old school, with unspeakable villains, self-sacrificing heroines, haughty adventuresses, and smart detectives, who turn up from nowhere in the nick of time. Yet venerable as it may be, there are enough laughs in the piece to reconcile the theatregoer merely in search of entertainment, to the rusty mechanism of the plot. The "greyhound" is a crook who, in order to replenish his empty pockets, deserts his girl-wife, believing her a suicide, and sails for Europe on the "Mauretania" where, in company with other cronies, he mingles with the fashionable first-class passengers, bent on fleecing whom he can. By means of a forged letter he ingratiates himself with a wealthy woman traveling with her daughter, and very neatly induces her to part with a check for $50,000. The manœuvres of the gang on shipboard furnish good comedy. Their crooked poker games and other swindles are, however, continually balked by a Sherlock Holmes brand of detective who, having at one time loved Fellman's abandoned wife, who did not die after all, smuggles her on the "Mauretania," and at the crucial moment confronts her with the crook who, horror-stricken at this uncanny resurrection from the dead, jumps overboard.

Henry Kolker, Elita Proctor Otis, Douglas J. Wood, and other favorites, all present amusing and not too exaggerated types of New York's underworld.

LIBERTY. "The Rainbow." Comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas. Produced March 11.

Henry Miller's production of "The Rainbow" deserves the greatest possible public recognition, for it not only satisfies and entertains, but it is a sheer advance in the presentation and development of the native American drama.

Its fable is that of a divorced man and woman brought together again by their mutual love for the daughter, a girl of sixteen, who, until the opening of the play, had not been seen by the father since she was a very little child. How the purity and sweetness of her nature reveal the shallow and sordid nature of his "bachelor" life, and how he strives to shield her from the degrading influence of his selfish and material surroundings are sketched with sure, firm and convincing detail leading up to a scene which part the father and the girl, the latter thinking it only temporary, while the father realizes it is a permanent separation.

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Published and Edited

by WILLIAM T. PRICE

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THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

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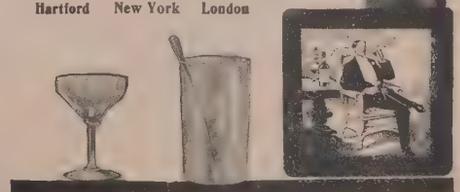

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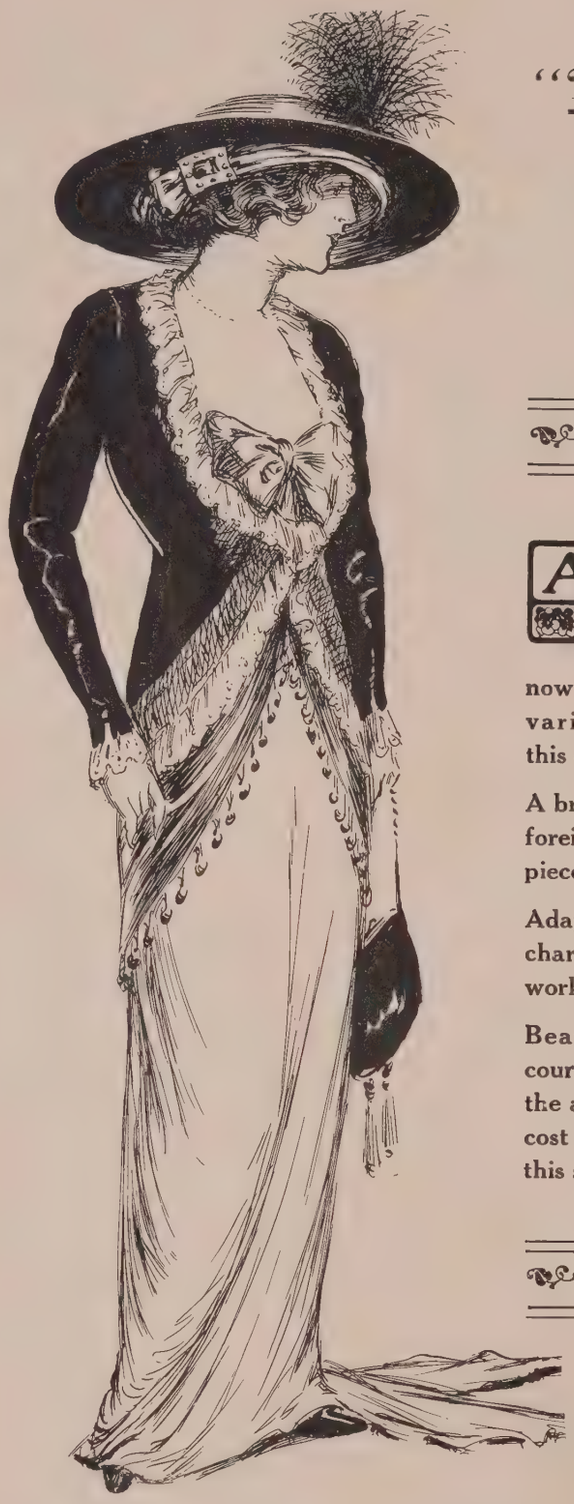

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 38th STREET
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Students in Interesting Plays

The performances given by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts are always interesting. On Thursday afternoon, March 14 last, at the Empire Theatre, Mr. Franklin Sargent's clever young players presented among other pieces "The Legacy," a drama in three acts by Arthur Schnitzler, translated from the German by Mary L. Stephenson.

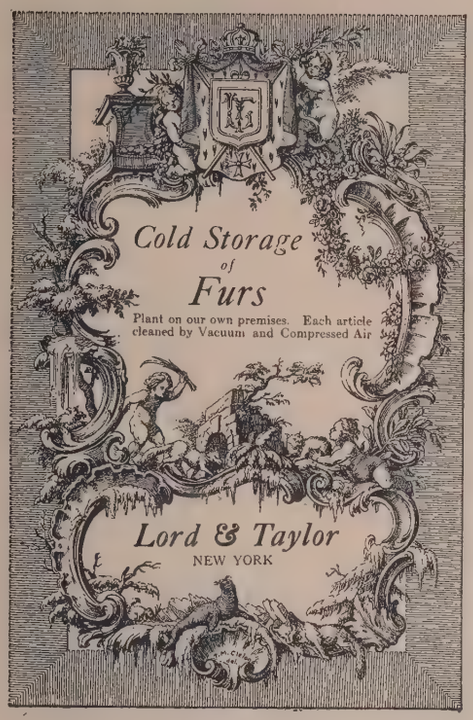
The Academy is in a dilemma when it comes to plays in which to exhibit its students. In the first place, new pieces may lack dramatic qualities necessary to good acting, while the audience in condemning them, is more than likely to misjudge the actors. On the other hand, when previously acted plays are used, audiences devote most of their time to comparing interpretations. Schnitzler's drama was preceded by a one-act piece called "Dorinda Dares," by Eleanor Maud Crane. It is a pretty little thing, romantic, and in a picturesque setting of the year 1790. Ellen Kracer as Dorinda gave a very pleasing performance. As an English lord, Guthrie McClintic was excellent, and is to be watched as an actor with a future. Marguerite Batterson found Kitty a trifle nervous, and expected somewhat too much of her, but rendered her very well indeed.

Chief interest in the afternoon, of course, centered in Arthur Schnitzler's play "The Legacy," performed for the first time in this country on this occasion. We are indebted to Europe for most of the morbidly pathological plays. Germany has given us many of them, and the latest from there has prolonged the record. Schnitzler can write better plays than "The Legacy." It may be an example of his early work, because translators frequently bestow their energies, irrespective of merit, upon anything bearing the name of a well-known author. In any case, when Arthur Schnitzler becomes known to the American public as a whole, we hope it will be as a dramatist healthy in imagination and spirit.

A tragedy bursts into the life of Adolph Lossati, Professor of Economics, when his son Hugo, brought in dying after a painful accident, confesses that he has a mistress and a child, and makes his father and mother promise to take care of both. After Hugo's death, Toni Weber, the woman, and Franzl, her child, are brought to the house. As a consequence, friends avoid the Professor and his family; and Dr. Schmidt, who is to marry a daughter of the Professor, demands that the woman be sent away where her sinister influence may not taint his fiancée. The child dies, and Toni loses her last claim on the Professor's sympathy. She is told that she will receive material support, but that she must go away. She finds that even her friends wish her to go. So she runs off, leaving the Professor and his satellites to make their self-satisfied impression of snobbish hypocrisy, and the audience to imagine very vaguely that she may find happiness with Gustav, who is a life-long friend of Hugo, and who has expressed sympathy, but never shown love. The main trouble with the play is that it is unbalanced. It does not show things in true proportions. What would endow it with living and dramatic qualities is merely sketched in. The author has not given us a play, but a story and an essay. Scenes drag to interminable length by tiresome repetition of facts that were accepted at first sight or mention. Yet the play is an undomesticated power. A brushing up here and there would make it tense with drama. The ending is not satisfactory, because it does not complete the play, and leaves a feeling that the remaining characters who at various times showed redeemable traits, are beneath contempt for not living up to them. Produced in its present form for its own merits, the play would inevitably fail. F. Seril Peck improved with his part as the father, and in the closing scenes was truly excellent. Ellen Kraeer as the mother, gave a beautiful and sincere performance. Small as the part of Gustav was, Frederic Bond, Jr., is distinctly remembered for his living and likable characterization of it. Mary Peticolas as the Doctor's fiancée, sometimes anticipated her strong scenes, but was unmistakable in her sincerity. Maurice Sylbert drew a strong impression of the Doctor, while, at times, he showed a tendency to become theatrical. Elizabeth Eyre made a dignified and sympathetic aunt to Hugo. Maude Eddy was pathetic, but occasionally too much repressed as Toni, the legacy. It was all done very creditably.

Books Received

THE WILDERNESS. An American Play. Adapted by Floyd Jenkins and Richard Putnam Darrow. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.



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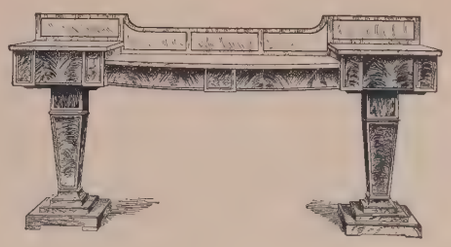

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A GRACEFUL EVENING GOWN IN CHARMEUSE AND BEADED CHIFFON

A CHAT ON NEW FANCIES IN MODES

JUST now contrast is a strong style-point in toilettes, and this is carried out in various ways. We are all acquainted with the contrasts in materials and color, as set forth in the present trimming vogue, but the idea is developed along most strikingly original lines. The other evening I noticed a pretty gown having one sleeve considerably shorter than the other, and then you remember that pretty pale chiffon gown of Julia Sanderson's in "The Siren," which has one sleeve of crystal embroidery to harmonize with the underskirt, while the other is of chiffon to match the overdress.

In "Rue de la Paix," a French play that displays smart gowning, the contrasts are strikingly developed, prominent among which is a gown of velvet that has the one sleeve and the corresponding side of the bodice in blue silk. Several of the costumes combine three varying materials and colors in one gown. For instance, Mme. Jeanne Iribe appears in a toilette with a skirt of black liberty, the bodice of which shows a broad band of emerald green across the front, and the unique little jacket, which, by the way, illustrates the coming vogue of frills, is of white crêpe de chine.

In this same play is seen the use of roses as a trimming, which promises to become a strong vogue. In this instance they form a double garland about the long tunic, the two being caught together at intervals by larger roses. The normal waist is also encircled by a belt of roses. This trimming idea is beautifully carried out in the little dancing dress of Ina Claire, in "The Quaker Girl." The dainty chiffon dress has a satin petticoat edged with pink roses, and the lace flounces of the chiffon overdress, as well as the short front panel, have clusters of the tiny roses set at intervals.

With the wearing of pretty silk costumes and dainty lingerie dresses, the sash is coming strongly into evidence. One can hardly go to a theatre nowadays, where the gowns are a feature, and not see a sash. They are worn wherever individual fancy dictates. For instance, the popular French actress, Mlle. Gaby Marcy, who is noted for her attractive girdles, is wearing a huge sash at the front of the waist. It has large loops, very similar to the obi bow, and long, wide ends finished off at the lower edge with squares of lace to match the tunic.

Those of you who have seen Julia Dean, in "Bought and Paid For," no doubt admired her handsome brocade evening gown. For the benefit of those who have not seen the attractive costume I will say that it has an underskirt of metallic lace over which falls a tunic of rich brocade edged with fringe. It has the bodice extension, the drapery of which is caught together at the side by a bunch of satin flowers, and the waist is of the metallic lace. With this costume the popular actress wears a beautiful evening coat, also in brocade.

Photo by Manuel

A STRIKING CREATION BY MARTIAL ET ARMAND IN BLACK AND WHITE SATIN

The increasing use of these heavy fabrics for evening gowns is distinctly noticeable at fashionable society functions, as well as upon the stage, all of which makes it quite probable that next season will see a universal use of rich brocades and handsome velvets in gowns, while in wraps the present veiled effects will be superseded by such materials as velvet, plush, brocade and charmeuse.

A debutante, sitting beside me at the theatre the other evening, held in her hand an exquisite cluster of pink roses tied with a heavy silk cord. Suddenly she pulled at the center, when the roses parted and a lovely fan in Dresden silk appeared to view. I overheard her explaining to her escort that it was a favor she had received at a recent dinner, and she remarked: "All of them were perfectly lovely! There were bouquets of roses, lilies-of-the-valley and violets, both in the lavender and white, and the fans were of Dresden or Pompadour silks, in shades harmonizing with the flowers."

At this theatre I also saw something new in bandeaux. They were simply a wide band of silver tricoline finished off with a large rhinestone buckle. The delicate, scintillating fabric was most effective, and whether used alone or veiled over a delicate shade of ribbon or maline, it formed a very pretty headdress.

How interesting it is to notice the novel ways in which aigrettes are worn in the coiffure nowadays. Mlle. Louise Bignon, who is now appearing in Paris in "Sans-Gêne," has a fluffy aigrette sweeping over her neck, while Mlle. Maud Gipsey, of "Rue de la Paix," has one so adjusted that it seems to be protruding from her left ear. Sometimes they are worn erect at the front of the head; in fact, it matters little how or where they are adjusted, but aigrettes are certainly the favorite hair ornament just now.

I also saw the loveliest handbag, and it was something very new, too. It was composed entirely of spangles in a beautiful shade of purple. The spangles were arranged in a close design, and the

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effects of the lights and shadows were charming. It had a gold frame, and the clasp was composed of an amethyst surrounded by diamonds. The bag was of the flat variety, and when opened showed the new square effect. Incidentally it also disclosed to view a delicate lavender silk lining. A gold cordelière finished the exquisite bag that I admired so much all evening.

There is no telling where the vogue of artificial flowers will crop out next. One of the girls at the matinée the other day, flourished a hatpin formed of narrow Valenciennes lace, in which were imbedded tiny satin roses and forget-me-nots. When placed into position the little rosette looked very dainty among the white plumes of her hat.

Mentioning hatpins reminds me, did you know that the very small designs are now correct wear, and that good dressers will not require more than two pins to hold the chapeaux?

Oh, and I must tell you about the girl who somewhat startled a few people at the same matinée. She wore a collarless V-cut waist, and about her neck lay the cutest little snake imaginable. In the small V reposed the head of the serpent, and from the half open mouth protruded a tiny red tongue. Of course, it was a necklace, and it was composed of tiny seed beads. The girl laughingly informed a questioner, "It is lots of fun to wear it. You can get one just like it on Fifth Avenue, but be sure to select a green one, as they are the most realistic." And they certainly are!

Have you noticed the increasing prevalence of the feather fans? I saw a beauty the other evening. It was composed of natural marabout tipped with white, and you can probably imagine the charming effect.

Now that furs are being discarded all sorts of beautiful substitutes are being seen, and one I saw the other evening is really worth while telling you about. It formed a collar, but it was merely a wide bias band of that lovely soft glacé chiffon taffeta, both sides of which were edged with matching ostrich in which the blending of the pinks and blues was charming. Broad flowing ends of the silk finished off the front. I have seen the same style in all white, and I am told a prominent Fifth Avenue shop is showing an assortment of these collars in both street and evening shades, so there is no reason why you cannot have one.

Mentioning Fifth Avenue shops makes me wonder whether you have noticed the lovely negligées exhibited there in a certain little French room? Of course, the prominent colors are the pink and wistaria, the two shades that the Parisiennes are now favoring.

Among the lovely, dainty garments one was especially attractive, and, as it is something decidedly novel, I must tell you about it. It is of pink chiffon made up along the fashionable narrow lines, and has the favorite low, left side closing, which is concealed by a chou of the material.

All around the edge of the garment, as well as the kimono sleeves, there is a fringe of pink ostrich, headed by a tiny double hemstitched ruching, and I assure you it is a negligée worth having. You can get it in the wistaria shade as well as the pink.

A few days ago I noticed a good example of contrast in the development of a garment. It was in an evening wrap of coral satin. The right side of the garment had a 9-inch band of Princess lace extending from the front closing to the lower edge of the back. In passing over the shoulder it formed part of the three-quarter length kimono sleeve.

The left sleeve was the usual wrap sleeve finished at the edge with a triple shirred puff to correspond with the trimming that adorned the entire edge of the garment.

The fulness was gathered in along the front edge of the left side, while on the right side it was arranged in several pleats that met the end of the lace banding, the joinings being covered by a handsome frog in moss metallic braid. The exquisite wrap was lined with delicate pink chiffon.

Photo by Schneider
A LOVELY EVENING GOWN IN WHITE SATIN, CHIFFON AND LACE

Facts Worth Knowing

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Every new and exclusive shade may be found in this assortment, and they are guaranteed by the manufacturers to be absolutely color-fast by an offer of six handkerchiefs free for every one that loses color in the laundry, which is indeed a very liberal offer.

It seems hardly believable that one can find such smart suits, gowns and blouses in great variety at such reasonable prices as prevail at a smart shop on Fifth Avenue. For example, I saw a stunning little two-tone taffeta tailor-made, effectively trimmed with tiny self-puffings and showing the new scalloped front opening with deep collar and cuffs of handsome lace for $29.50. The lace alone is well worth $5. This suit comes in many colors. A perfectly stunning suit, with the sweep of line and style of the custom tailored garments, sells as low as $24.50. This suit is shown in new iridescent whip-cord, lined with peau de cygne.

A cossack crash linen suit, after a Francis model, is shown here, the skirt and coat both effectively trimmed with drawn-work border, showing threads of red, blue or black. Price, $42.50. A smart suit in Terry cloth, with cunning jacket effectively trimmed and a very new tunic skirt, sells for $55.

An elegantly simple coat suit of faille silk sells for $45, while whip-cord serges, etc., all lifted far above the commonplace by originality of lines, oddly placed seams and dexterous handling of the fashionable stripes, range in price from $20 up.

A charming afternoon frock of navy blue chiffon taffeta, with distinctive little sleeves and lace and chiffon trimmed bodice, sells for $29. Another attractive gown was shown in taupe, with distinctive style, in the side-fastened tunic skirt, the bodice trimmed elaborately with heavy lace overdraped with chiffon. This sells for $32.50.

Exquisite hand-made lingerie frocks are also to be found here at most reasonable prices. One model, elaborately trimmed with fine lace and pretty fulness introduced without destroying the straight silhouette, was priced at $25. A dainty white marquisette gown, with insets of tiny tucks and baby Irish lace on the skirt, the bodice elaborately cross-tucked and ornamented with Irish lace and sash, costs but $18.50.

Photo by Talbot

MME. LABRIER WEARING A HAT OF WHITE STRAW. THE HIGH WHITE FEATHER FANCY IS HELD BY A BOW OF BLUE VELVET. MODEL BY IDA MARGUERITTE

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JOSEPH W. SCHLOSS CO
5th Ave. & 21st St., N. Y.

Photo by Talbot
MLLE. RENOUARDT WEARING A CHARMING HAT IN GRAY STRAW FACED WITH BLACK VELVET, AND TRIMMED WITH A BLACK AIGRETTE

Photo by Manuel
MODEL BY LUCIENNE IN FINE STRAW WORN BY MLLE. GREUZE

be found of this talcum, the violet and the borated, either of which come in a delicate flesh tint and readily answers the purpose of a dainty toilette powder. One cannot make a mistake in selecting this talcum powder, which comes neatly put up in packages, with the face of a dear, wholesome baby on the label, and sells at 25 cents.

The same world-famous manufacturer has a soap which possesses anti-septic qualities, and is highly recommended for both the skin and the hair. It is very desirable for shampooing purposes, cleansing the scalp and restoring it to a healthy condition if at all inclined to disease. This soap is said to feed the skin as well as to cleanse it, and has no tendency to promote the growth of down.

There is no embroidery floss which excels that which for the protection of customers is sold under the trade mark name of "Sida." This floss is of wonderful lustre and brightness and of pure dye. It is without doubt the best quality for the development of the new designs in all forms of embroidery, and will be found in every new shade, as well as mixed Persian colors, in fact, seventy shades of the modish colors are available. The Sida floss will be found to work up very quickly and easily, and padding is unnecessary as a rule, by reason of the peculiar quality which brings the designs into a natural relief. Sida floss is adaptable to the decoration of any fabric, and has been used with stunning effect on silk, satins, velvets, cloths, chiffons, voiles, marquisettes, net, etc., also for embroidering the ornamental patterns on the new spring waists. It comes in 50-yard lengths for 25 cents.

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At the same establishment an effective cream is to be found. It is said to prevent tan or sunburn, also to remove liver spots, moth patches and discoloration of the skin. The use of this cream will fill up the hollows of cheeks and neck, it is claimed.

Photo by Schneider
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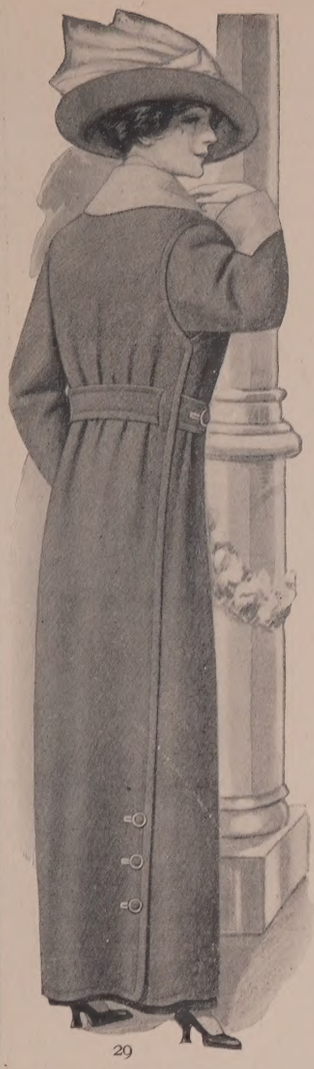
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In a recent interview with an eminent hair specialist I have learned of a tonic which will arrest falling hair and positively remove dandruff, thereby restoring the hair to its natural growth and glossiness. This clever man, who has made a life study of the subject, declares that no one tonic, however great its merit, could be equally good for each and every condition, and, therefore, upon request, he forwards a symptom blank to any one upon application, with a request for a strand of your hair, upon receipt of which he will tell you frankly and without charge just what you need. A very interesting and instructive treatise upon the subject of the hair-cleaning, dyeing, bleaching, etc., is also sent one upon request.

Following the lead of Paris, the fashionable women of New York are now adopting a new cream which has recently been brought out. This delightful toilet preparation is only intended for use in the evening, giving the finishing touch to one's preparation for the bright radiance of the ball-room or the opera. It is a pure white cream which will not rub off the shoulders or neck when the wrap is adjusted, and it lends the alabaster tint which we all wish to possess. It is really a beautifier and leaves no trace of grease or oil. It has a faint and delicate perfume which is most appealing. It is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act. A generous tube sells for 35 cents. The same house has also a delightful cleansing dental cream, which beautifies the teeth while preventing decay and discoloration and keeps the mouth and gums in healthy condition. This sells for 25 cents a tube. Their cleansing cream is one of the best on the market and is most highly endorsed by the leading actresses of the day.

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